

Charles Dyer
P O E M S.

B Y

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

VOLUME the SE COND.



D U B L I N:

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THE

T H E
G H O S T.
B O O K III.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when *Huswife Morn*
With *Pearl* and *Linen* hangs each thorn;
When happy Bards, who can regale
Their Muse with country air and ale,
Ramble afield, to Brooks and Bow'rs,
To pick up *Sentiments* and *Flow'rs*;
When Dogs and Squires from kennel fly,
And Hogs and Farmers quit their sty;
When *my Lord* rises to the Chace,
And brawny Chaplain takes his place.

These Images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly understood,
Sagacious Readers must allow,
Proclaim us in the Country now.
For Observations mostly rise
From Objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry Lord in Critic Wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong?)

Whether the Warmth (for Bards we know,
At present, never more than glow)
Was in the Town or Country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.

IT WAS THE HOUR — tho' Critics frown,
We now declare ourselves in Town,
Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The Man, who deals in humble Prose,
Tied down by rule and method, goes;
But they, who court the vig'rous Muse,
Their carriage have a right to chuse.
Free as the Air, and unconfin'd,
Swift as the motions of the Mind,
The POET darts from place to place,
And instant bounds o'er Time and Space.
Nature (whilst blended fire and skill
Inflame our passions to his will)
Smiles at her violated Laws,
And crowns his daring with applause.

Should there be still some rigid few,
Who keep *propriety* in view,
Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear
This whirling passage thro' the Air,
Free leave have such at home to sit,
And write a *Regimen* for Wit:
To clip our pinions let them try,
Not having heart themselves to fly.

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It was THE HOUR, when Devotees
Breathe *pious curses* on their knees,
When they with pray'rs the day begin
To sanctify a Night of Sin;
When Rogues of Modesty, who roam
Under the veil of Night, sneak home
That free from all restraint and awe,
Just to the windward of the Law,
Less modest Rogues their tricks may play,
And plunder in the face of day.

But hold—whilst thus we play the fool,
In bold contempt of ev'ry rule;
Things of no consequence expressing,
Describing now, and now digressing,
To the discredit of our skill,
The main concern is standing still.

In *Plays* indeed, when storms of rage
Tempestuous in the Soul engage,
Or when the Spirits, weak and low,
Are sunk in deep distress and woe,
With strict Propriety we hear
DESCRIPTION stealing on the ear,
And put off feeling half an hour
To *thatch a cot, or paint a flow'r*;
But in these *serious* works, design'd
To mend the morals of Mankind,
We must for ever be disgrac'd
With all the nicer sons of Taste,
If once, the Shadow to pursue,
We let the Substance out of view.

Our means must uniformly tend,
 In due proportion to their end,
 And ev'ry passage aptly join
 To bring about the *one* design.
 Our Friends themselves cannot admit
 This rambling, wild digressive Wit,
 No — not those very Friends, who found
 Their Credit on the self same ground.

Peace, my good grumbling Sir — for once,
 Sunk in the solemn, formal Dunce,
 This Coxcomb shall your fears beguile —
 We will be dull — that you may smile.

Come, METHOD, come in all thy pride,
 DULLNESS and WHITEHEAD by thy side,
 DULLNESS and METHOD still are one,
 And WHITEHEAD is their darling Son.
 Not He whose pen, above controul,
 Struck terror to the guilty Soul,
 Made Folly tremble thro' her state,
 And Villains blush at being Great,
 Whilst he himself, with steady face,
 Disdaining Modesty and Grace,
 Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
 Thro' ev'ry mean and servile sin,
 Yet swear by PHILIP and by PAUL,
 He nobly scorn'd to blush at all;
 But HE, who in the Laureat Chair,
 By Grace, not Merit planted there,
 In aukward pomp is seen to sit,
 And by his *Patent* proves his Wit;

For

For favours of the Great, we know,
 Can Wit as well as rank bestow,
 And they who, without one pretension,
 Can get for Fools a place or pension,
 Must able be suppos'd of course
 (If reason is allow'd due force)
 To give such qualities and grace,
 As may equip them for the place.

But HE — who measures, as he goes,
 A mongrel kind of tinkling prose,
 And is too frugal to dispense
 At once both Poetry and Sense,
 Who, from amidst his *slumb'ring* guards,
 Deals out a Charge to *Subject Bards*,
 Where Couplets after Couplets creep
 Propitious to the reign of sleep,
 Yet every word imprints an awe,
 And all his dictates pass for law
 With BEAUX, who simper all around,
 And BELLES, who die in ev'ry sound.
 For in all things of this relation,
 Men mostly judge from *situation*,
 Nor in a thousand find we one,
 Who really weighs what's said or done.
 They deal out Censure, or give Credit,
 Merely from him who did or laid it.

But HE — who, *happily serene*,
 Means nothing, yet would seem to mean;
 Who rules and cautions can dispense
 With all that humble insolence,

Which

Which Impudence in vain would teach,
 And none but modest men can reach;
 Who adds to SENTIMENTS the grace
 Of always being out of place,
 And *drawls* out MORALS with an air
 A Gentleman would blush to wear;
 Who, on the *chafest*, *simplest* plan,
 As *Chaste*, as *simple* as the Man,
 Without or *Character*, or *Plot*,
 NATURE unknown, and ART forgot,
 Can, with much racking of the brains,
 And years consum'd in letter'd pains,
 A heap of words together lay,
 And, smirking, call'd the thing a Play;
 Who Champion sworn in Virtue's cause,
 'Gainst Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
 But to no part of *Prudence* stranger,
 First blunts the point for fear of danger.
 So Nurses sage, as Caution works,
 When Children first use knives and forks,
 For fear of mischief, it is known,
 To others fingers, or their own,
 To take the edge off wisely chuse,
 Tho' the same stroke takes off the use.

Thee, WHITEHEAD, Thee I now invoke,
 Sworn foe to Satyr's gen'rous stroke,
 Which makes unwilling Conscience feel,
 And wounds, but only wounds to heal.
 Good-natur'd, easy Creature, mild,
 And gentle as a new-born Child,

Thy

Thy *heart* would never once admit
 E'en *wholesome* rigour to thy Wit,
 Thy *head*, if Conscience should comply,
 Its kind assistance would deny,
 And lend thee neither force, nor art,
 To drive it onward to the heart.
 O may thy sacred pow'r controul
 Each fiercer working of my soul,
 Damp ev'ry spark of genuine fire,
 And languors, like thine own, inspire;
 Trite be each Thought, and ev'ry Line
 As *Moral*, and as *Dull* as THINE.

Pois'd in mid-air——(it matters not
 To ascertain the very spot,
 Nor yet to give you a relation,
 How it eluded *Gravitation*.——)
 Hung a *Watch Tow'r*—by VULCAN plann'd
 With such rare skill, by JOVE's Command,
 That ev'ry word, which whisper'd here
 Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
 On the still bosom of the Air
 Is borne, and heard distinctly there,
 The Palace of an ancient Dame,
 Whom Men as well as Gods call FAME.

A *prattling Gossip*, on whose tongue
 Proof of perpetual motion hung,
 Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass,
 Like her own Trumpet made of brass,
 Who with an hundred pair of eyes
 The vain attacks of sleep defies;

Who with an hundred pair of wings
 News from the farthest quarters brings,
 Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
 All that she knows, and ten times more.

Not all the Virtues, which we find
 Concenter'd in a HUNTER's mind,
 Can make her spare the ranc'rous tale,
 If in one point she chance to fail;
 Or if, once in a thousand years,
 A perfect Character appears,
 Such as of late with joy and pride
 My Soul possess'd, ere ARROW died,
 Or such as, Envy must allow,
 The World enjoys in H—— now,
 This Hag, who aims at all alike,
 At Virtues e'en like theirs will strike,
 And make faults, in the way of trade,
 When she can't find them ready made.

All things she takes in, small and great,
 Talks of a *Toy-shop* and a *State*,
 Of *Wits* and *Fools*, of *Saints* and *Kings*,
 Of *Garters*, *Stars*, and *Leading-Strings*,
 Of *Old Lords* *fumbling for a Clap*,
 And *young Ones* full of *Pray'r* and *Pap*,
 Of *Courts*, of *Morals*, and *Tye-Wigs*,
 Of *Bears*, and *Serjeants* dancing *jigs*,
 Of *Grave Professors* at the *Bar*
 Learning to *thrum* on the *Guittar*,
 Whilst *Laws* are *flubber'd* o'er in *haste*,
 And *Judgment* sacrific'd to *TASTE*;

Of *whited Sepulchres*, *Lawn-Sleeves*,
 And *God's house* made a *den of thieves*;
 Of *Fun'ral pomps*, where *Clamours* hung,
 And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
 Whilst *SENSE* and *ORDER* blush'd to see
Nobles without *HUMANITY*;
 Of *Coronations*, where each heart,
 With honest raptures, bore a part;
 Of *City Feasts*, where *ELEGANCE*
 Was proud her *Colours* to advance,
 And *GLUTTONY*, uncommon case,
 Could only get the second place;
 Of *New-rai'd* Pillars in the State,
 Who must be good as being great;
 Of *Shoulders*, on which *HONOURS* sit
 Almost as clumsily as *Wit*;
 Of *doughty Knights*, whom *titles* please,
 But not the payment of the *Fees*;
 Of *Lectures*, whither ev'ry Fool
 In *second childhood* goes to school;
 Of *Grey Beards* deaf to *Reason's* call,
 From *Inn of Court*, or *City Hall*.
 Whom youthful *Appetites* enslave,
 With one Foot fairly in the grave,
 By help of *Crutch*, a needful Brother,
 Learning of *HART* to dance with t'other;
 Of *Doctors* regularly bred
 To fill the mansions of the dead;
 Of *Quacks* (for *Quacks* they must be still
 Who save when *FORMS* require to kill)
 Who life, and health, and vigour give
 To *HIM*, not one would wish to live;

Of *Artists* who, with noblest view,
 Disinterested plans pursue,
 For trembling worth the ladder raise,
 And mark out the ascent to praise;
 Of *Arts* and *Sciences*, where meet
Sublime, Profound, and all compleat,
 A SET (whom at some fitter time
 The MUSE shall consecrate in *Rhime*)
 Who humble ARTISTS to out-do
 A far more lib'ral plan pursue,
 And let their well-judg'd PREMIUMS fall
 On those who have no worth at all;
 Of *Sign-Post Exhibitions*, rais'd
 For laughter more than to be prais'd
 (Tho' by the way we cannot see
 Why *Praise* and *Laughter* mayn't agree)
 Where genuine HUMOUR runs to waste,
 And justly chides our want of 'Taste,
 Censur'd, like other things, tho' good,
 Because they are not understood.

To higher subjects now SHE soars,
 And talks of *Politics* and *Whores*,
 (If to your nice and chaster ears
 That Term *indelicate* appears,
 SCRIPTURE *politely* shall refine,
 And melt It into *Concubine*)
 In the same breath spreads BOURBON'S league,
 And publishes the *Grand Intrigue*,
 In BRUSSELS or our own GAZETTE,
 Makes armies fight which never met,

And

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And circulates the Pox or Plague
 To LONDON, by the way of HAGUE,
 For all the lies which there appear,
 Stamp'd with *Authority* come here;
 Borrows as freely from the gabble
 Of some rude leader of a rabble,
 Or from the *quaint* harangues of those
 Who lead a Nation by the Nose,
 As from those *forms* which, void of Art,
 Burst from our *bonest* PATRIOT's heart,
 When ELOQUENCE and VIRTUE (late
 Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
 Fond of each other's Friendship grown,
 Claim ev'ry sentence for their own,
 And with an equal joy recites
Parade-Amours, and *half-pay Fights*,
 Perform'd by *Heroes of fair Weather*,
 Merely by dint of *Lace* and *Feather*,
 As those rare acts which HONOUR taught
 Our daring Sons where GRANBY fought,
 Or those which, with superior skill
 — atchiev'd by *standing still*.

This HAG (the curious if they please
 May search from earliest Times to these,
 And POETS they will always see,
 With *Gods* and *Goddeesses* make free,
 Treating them all, except the MUSE,
 As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)
 Who had beheld, from first to last
 How our TRIUMVIRATE had pass'd

Night's dreadful interval, and heard,
 With strict attention, ev'ry word,
 Soon as she saw return of light,
 On sounding pinions took her flight.

Swift thro' the regions of the sky,
 Above the reach of human eye,
 Onward she drove the furious blast,
 And rapid as a whirlwind past
 O'er *Countries*, once the seats of *Taste*,
 By Time and Ignorance laid waste,
 O'er lands, where former ages saw
Reason and *Truth* the only Law,
 Where *Arts* and *Arms*, and *Public Love*
 In gen'rous emulation strove,
 Where *Kings* were proud of *legal* sway,
 And Subjects *bappy* to obey,
 Tho' now in slav'ry sunk, and broke
 To *Superstition's* galling yoke,
 Of *Arts*, of *Arms*, no more they tell,
 Or *Freedom*, which with *Science* fell.
 By Tyrants aw'd, who never find
 The Passage to their people's mind,
 To whom the joy was never known
 Of planting in the heart their throne,
 Far from all prospect of relief,
 Their hours in fruitless pray'rs and grief,
 For loss of blessings *they* employ,
 Which *WE* *unthankfully* enjoy.

Now is the time (had we the will)
 T'amaze the Reader with our skill,

To pour out such a flood of knowledge
 As might suffice for a whole College,
 Whilst with a true Poetic force
 We trac'd the Goddess in her course,
Sweetly describing, in our flight,
 Each *Common* and *Uncommon* Sight,
 Making our journal gay and pleasant,
 With things long past, and things now present.

Rivers — once NYMPHS — (a *Transformation*
 Is mighty pretty in Relation)
 From *great Authorities* we know
 Will matter for a *Tale* bestow.
 To make the observation clear
 We give our Friends an instance here.

The DAY (that never is forgot)
 Was *very fine*, but *very hot*;
 The NYMPH (another gen'ral rule)
 Enflam'd with heat, lay down to cool;
 Her *Hair* (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careless floating in the wind;
 Her *heaving breasts*, like *Summer seas*,
Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze;
 Should fond DESCRIPTION tune our lays
 In *choicest* accents to her praise,
 DESCRIPTION we at last should find,
 Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
 NATURE had form'd her to inspire
 In ev'ry bosom soft desire,
Passions to raise she could not feel,
Wounds, to inflict she would not heal.

A GOD (his name is no great matter,
 Perhaps a JOVE, (perhaps a SATYR)
 Raging with *Lust*, a GODLIKE flame,
 By chance, *as usual*, thither came :
 With gloting eyes the Fair one view'd,
 Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd ;
She (for what other can she do ?)
 Must fly — or how can He pursue ?
 'The *Muse* (so Custom hath decreed)
 Now proves her Spirit by her speed,
 Nor must one *limping* line disgrace
 The life and vigour of the Race.
 SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length,
 Quite destitute of Breath and strength,
 'To Heav'n (for there we all apply
 For help, when there's no other nigh)
 She offers up her *Virgin* Pray'r ;
 (Can *Virgins* pray unpitied there ?)
 And when the God thinks He has caught her,
 Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
 Becomes a *Stream*, in which the POET,
 If he has any Wit, may shew it.

A City once for Pow'r renown'd,
 Now levell'd even to the ground,
 Beyond all doubt is a direction
 To introduce some *fine* reflection.

Ab, woeful me ! Ab, woeful Man !
Ab ! woeful All, do all we can !
 Who can on earthly things depend
 From one to t'other moment's end ?

HONOUR,

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HONOUR, WIT, GENIUS, WEALTH, and GLORY,
Good lack! good lack! are transitory,
 Nothing is sure and stable found,
 The very *Earth* itself turns round.
Monarchs, nay MINISTERS must die,
 Must rot, must sink — *Ab, me! ab, why!*
Cities themselves in Time decay,
 If *Cities* thus — *Ab, well a-day!*
 If *Brick* and *Mortar* have an end,
 On what can *Flesh* and *Blood* depend?
Ab, woeful me! Ab, woeful Man!
Ab, woeful All, do All we can!

ENGLAND (for that's at last the Scene,
 'Tho' Worlds on Worlds should rise between,
 Whither we must our course pursue)
 ENGLAND should call into review
 Times long since past indeed, but not
 By ENGLISHMEN to be forgot,
 'Tho' ENGLAND, *once* so dear to Fame,
 Sinks in GREAT-BRITAIN's *dearer* name.

Here would we mention *Chiefs of old*,
 In plain and rugged honour bold,
 To Virtue kind, to Vice severe,
 Strangers to Bribery and Fear,
 Who kept no wretched *Clans* in awe,
 Who never broke or *warp'd* the Law:
Patriots, whom in her *better* days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raise,
 Who steddily to their Country's claim,
 Boldly stood up in *Freedom's* name,

E'en to the teeth of *Tyrant Pride*,
And, when they could no more, *THEY DY'd*.

There (*striking contrast*) might we place
A servile, mean, degen'rate race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
By the best Bidder bought and sold,
Truants from Honour's sacred Laws,
Betrayers of their Country's cause,
The Dupes of Party, Tools of Pow'r,
Slaves to the *Minion of an Hour*,
Lacquies, who watch'd a *Favourite's* nod,
And took a *Puppet* for their God.

Sincere and honest in our Rhimes,
How might we praise these *happier* times!
How might the Muse exalt her lays,
And wanton in a Monarch's praise!
Tell of a Prince in ENGLAND born,
Whose Virtues ENGLAND's crown adorn,
In Youth a pattern unto age,
So Chaste, so Pious, and so Sage,
Who true to all those sacred bands,
Which private happiness demands,
Yet never lets them rise above
The stronger ties of Public Love.

With conscious Pride see ENGLAND stand,
Our *boly Charter* in her hand,
She waves it round, and o'er the Isle
See *Liberty* and *Courage* smile.

No

No more she mourns her treasures hurl'd
 In *Subsidies* to all the world;
 No more by foreign threats dismay'd,
 No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
 She deals out Sums to *petty* states,
 Whom *Honour* scorns, and Reason hates,
 But, wiser by Experience grown,
 Finds safety in herself alone.

While thus, she cries, my children, stand,
 An honest, valiant, *native* band,
 A train'd MILITIA, brave and free,
 True to their KING, and true to ME,
 No *foreign* Hirelings shall be known,
 Nor need we Hirelings of *our own*.
 Under a just and pious reign
 The Statesman's sophistry is vain,
 Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
 These are my *natural* defence,
 Their Faith I know, and they shall prove
 The Bulwark of the KING they Love.

These, and a thousand things beside,
 Did we consult a Poet's Pride,
 Some gay, some serious, might be said,
 But ten to one they'd not be read,
 Or were they by some curious few,
 Nor even those would think them true.
 For, from the time that JUBAL first
 Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
Poets have always been suspected
 Of having Truth in Rhime neglected,

That *Bard* except, who, from his Youth
Equally fam'd for *Faith* and *Truth*,
By Prudence taught, in courtly *Gbime*
To Courtly ears, brought *Truth* in *Rhime*.

But tho' to Poets we allow,
No matter when acquir'd or how,
From Truth unbounded deviation,
Which custom calls *Imagination*,
Yet can't they be suppos'd to lye
One half so fast as *FAME* can fly.
Therefore (to solve this *Gordian* knot,
A point we almost had forgot)
To courteous Readers be it known,
That fond of verse and falshood grown,
Whilst we in sweet digression sung,
FAME check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now pursues with double force,
And double speed her destin'd course,
Nor stops, till She the place arrives
Where *GENIUS* starves, and *DULLNESS* thrives,
Where Riches *Virtue* are esteem'd,
And Craft is truest *Wisdom* deem'd,
Where *COMMERCE* proudly rears her throne
In State to other Lands unknown,
Where to be cheated, and to cheat,
Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet,
Where *CHRISTIANS*, *JEW*s, and *TURKS* shake
hands,
United in *Commercial* bands,
All of one *Faith*, and that, to own
No God but *INTEREST* alone.

When

When Gods and Goddesses come down
To look about them here in Town,
(For Change of Air is understood,
By Sons of Physic to be good,
In due proportions now and then
For these same Gods as well as Men)
By Custom rul'd, and not a Poet
So very dull, but he must know it,
In order to remain *incog*.
They always travel in a fog.
For if we Majesty expose
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows,
The force is lost, and free from awe,
We spy and censure ev'ry flaw.
But well preserv'd from public view,
It always breaks forth fresh and new,
Fierce as the Sun in all his pride,
It shines, and not a spot's descried.

Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the sky
Descend to earth, and frisk about,
Like chatt'ring N***, from rout to rout,
He would be found, with all his host,
A nine days Wonder at the most.
Would we in trim our Honours wear,
We must preserve them from the air,
What is familiar, Men neglect,
However worthy of respect,
Did they not find a certain friend
In Novelty to recommend,

(Such

(Such we by sad experience find
 The wretched folly of mankind)
 Venus might unattractive shine,
 And H*** fix no eyes but *mine*.

But FAME, who never car'd a jot
 Whether she was admir'd or not,
 And never blush'd to shew her face
 At any time in any place,
 In her own shape, without disguise,
 And visible to mortal eyes,
 On CHANGE, exact at seven o'clock,
 Alighted on the *Weather-Cock*,
 Which, planted there time out of mind
 To note the changes of the wind,
 Might no improper emblem be
 Of her own mutability.

Thrice did *She* sound her TRUMP (the same
 Which from the first belong'd to FAME,
 An *old ill-favour'd* Instrument
 With which the Goddess was content,
 Tho' under a *politer* race
Bag-pipes might well supply its place)
 And thrice awaken'd by the sound,
 A gen'ral din prevail'd around,
 CONFUSION thro' the City past,
 And FEAR bestrode the dreadful blast.

Those *fragrant Currents*, which we meet
 Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,

Affrighted from the usual course,
 Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their source;
Statues wept tears of blood, as fast
 As when a CÆSAR breath'd his last;
 Horses, which always us'd to go,
 A *foot-pace* in my Lord-Mayor's Show,
Impetuous from their Stable broke,
 And ALDERMEN and OXEN spoke.

Halls felt the force, *Tow'rs* shook around,
 And *Steeple*s nodded to the ground,
 ST. PAUL himself (strange sight) was seen
 To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.
 The *Mansion-House*, for ever plac'd
 A monument of *City Taste*,
 Trembl'd, and seem'd aloud to groan
 Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.

To still the sound, or stop her ears,
 Remove the cause or sense of fears,
 PHYSIC, in *College* seated high,
 Would any thing but *Med'cine* try.
 No more in PEWT'ERS-HALL was heard
 The proper force of ev'ry word,
 Those seats were desolate become,
 A hapless ELOCUTION dumb.
 FORM, *City-born* and *City-bred*,
 By strict *Decorum* ever led,
 Who threescore years had known the grace
 Of *one, dull, stiff, unvaried* pace;
 TERROR prevailing over PRIDE,
 Was seen to take a larger stride;

Worn

Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
 See AV'RICE closer hug his bags ;
 With her own weight unwieldy grown,
 See CREDIT totter on her Throne ;
 VIRTUE alone, had she been there,
 The mighty sound, unmov'd, could bear.

Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate
 Dooms annual Fools to sleep in state,
 To sleep so sound that not one gleam
 Of Fancy can provoke a dream,
 Great DULLMAN started at the sound,
 Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and star'd around.
 Much did he wish to know, much fear
 Whence sounds so horrid struck his ear,
 So much unlike those peaceful notes,
 That equal harmony, which floats
 On the dull wing of City air,
 Grave prelude to a feast or fair ;
 Much did he inly ruminate
 Concerning the decrees of Fate,
 Revolving, tho' to little end,
 What this same trumpet might portend.

Could the FRENCH—no—that could not be
 Under BUTE's *active* ministry,
Too watchful to be so deceiv'd,
 Have stolen hither unperceiv'd,
 To NEWFOUNDLAND indeed we know,
 Fleets of war unobserv'd may go,
 Or, if observ'd, may be suppos'd,
 At intervals when Reason doz'd,

No other point in view to bear
 But Pleasure, Health, and Change of Air.
 But Reason ne'er could sleep so sound
 To let an enemy be found
 In our Land's heart, ere it was known
 They had departed from their own.

Or could his *Succeffor* (Ambition
 Is ever haunted with suspicion)
 His daring *Succeffor elect*,
 All Customs, rules, and forms reject,
 And aim, regardless of the crime,
 'To seize the chair before his time;

Or (deeming this the lucky hour
 Seeing his *Countrymen* in pow'r,
Those Conntrymen, who, from the first,
 In tumults and *Rebellion* nurs'd,
 Howe'er they wear the mask of art,
Still love a STUART in their heart)
 Could SCOTTISH CHARLES —

Conjecture thus,

That mental *IGNIS FATUUS*,
 Led his poor brains a weary dance
 From FRANCE to ENGLAND, hence to FRANCE,
 Till INFORMATION (in the shape
 Of Chaplain learned, good SIR CRAPE,
 A lazy, lounging, pamper'd Priest,
 Well known at every City feast,
 For he was seen much oft'ner there
 Than in the House of God at Pray'r;

Who

Who always ready in his place,
 Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
 Tho', as the best Historians write,
 Less fam'd for Faith than Appetite,
 His disposition to reveal,
 The Grace was short, and long the meal;
 Who always would excess admit,
 If *Haunch* or *Turtle* came with it,
 And ne'er engag'd in the defence
 Of self-denying Abstinence,
 When he could fortunately meet
 With any thing he lik'd to eat;
 Who knew that Wine, on Scripture plan,
 Was made to cheer the heart of Man,
 Knew too, by long experience taught,
 That Cheerfulness was kill'd by thought,
 And from those premisses collected,
 (Which few perhaps would have suspected)
 That none, who with due share of sense
 Observ'd the ways of Providence,
 Could with safe Conscience leave off drinking,
 Till they had lost the pow'r of thinking)
 With eyes half-clos'd came waddling in,
 And, having strok'd his double *chin*,
 (That *Chin*, whose credit to maintain
 Against the Scoffs of the profane,
 Had cost him more than ever State
 Paid for a poor *Electorate*,
 Which after all the cost and rout,
 It had been better much without)
 Briefly (for *Breakfast*, you must know,
 Was waiting all the while below)

Rela-

Related, bowing to the ground,
 The cause of that uncommon sound,
 Related too, that at the door,
 POMPOSO, PLAUSIBLE, and M—E,
 Begg'd that FAME might not be allow'd,
 Their shame to publish to the crowd;
 That some new laws he would provide,
 (If Old could not be misapplied
 With as much ease and safety there,
 As they are misapplied *elsewhere*)
 By which it might be construed treason
 In Man to exercise his reason,
 Which might ingeniously devise
 One punishment for Truth and Lies,
 And fairly prove, when they had done,
 That Truth and Falshood were but one;
 Which JURIES must indeed retain,
 But their effect should render vain,
 Making all real pow'r to rest
 In *one corrupted rotten breast*,
 By whose *false gloss* the very BIBLE
 Might be interpreted a *Libel*.

M***, (who, his Reverence to save,
 Pleaded the Fool to screen the Knave,
 Tho' all, who witnessed on his part,
 Swore for his *head* against his *heart*)
 Had taken down, from first to last,
 A just account of all that past;
 But, since the gracious will of *Fate*,
 Who mark'd the Child for wealth and state
 E'en in the Cradle, had decreed
 The mighty DULLMAN ne'er should read,

That

That office of *disgrace* to bear
 The *smooth-lip'd* PLAUSIBLE was there.
 From H***** e'en to CLERKENWELL
 Who knows not *smooth-lip'd* PLAUSIBLE ?
 A Preacher deem'd of greatest note,
 For preaching that which others wrote.

Had DULLMAN now (and Fools we see
 Seldom want Curiosity)
 Consented (but the *mourning shade*
 Of GASCOIGNE hast'ned to his aid,
 And in his hand, what could he more ?
 Triumphant CANNING's Picture bore)
 That our *three Heroes* should advance
 And read their *Comical Romance*,
 How rich a feast, what royal fare
 We for our Readers might prepare !
 So rich, and yet so safe a feast,
 That no *one foreign blotant beast*,
 Within the purlieus of the Law,
 Should dare thereon to lay his paw.
 And, *growling*, cry, with surly tone,
 Keep off — *this feast is all my own*.

Bending to earth the downcast eye,
 Or planting it against the sky,
 As *One* immers'd in deepest Thought,
 Or with some holy Vision caught,
 His Hands, to aid the traitor's art,
 Devoutly folded o'er his heart.
*Here M*****, in fraud well skill'd, should go
All Saint, with solemn step and slow.

O that

O that RELIGION's sacred name,
 Meant to inspire the purest flame,
 A Prostitute should ever be
 To that *Arch fiend* HYPOCRISY,
 Where we find ev'ry other vice
 Crown'd with *damn'd sneaking Cowardice* !
Bold Sin reclaim'd is often seen;
Past hope that Man, who dares be mean.

There, full of *flesh*, and full of *Grace*,
 With that *fine round unmeaning face*,
 Which NATURE gives to sons of earth,
 Whom she designs for ease and mirth,
 Should the *prim PLAUSIBLE* be seen;
 Observe his stiff affected mien;
 'Gainst NATURE, arm'd by GRAVITY,
 His features too in buckle see;
 See with what Sanctity he reads,
 With what Devotion tells his beads !
 Now Prophet, shew me, by thine art,
 What's the Religion of his heart;
 Shew *there*, if Truth thou can'st unfold,
 Religion center'd all in Gold,
 Shew *Him*, nor fear Correction's rod,
 As false to *Friendship*, as to GOD.

Horrid, *unwieldy*, without *Form*,
 Savage, as OCEAN in a Storm,
 Of *size prodigious*, in the rear,
 That *Post of Honour*, should appear
 POMPOSO ; *Fame* around should tell
 How he a slave to int'rest fell,

How,

How, for *Integrity* renown'd,
 Which Booksellers have often found,
 He for *Subscribers* baits his hook,
 And takes their cash—but where's the Book?
 No matter where—*Wise* Fear, we know,
 Forbids the robbing of a Foe;
 But what, to serve our private ends,
 Forbids the cheating of our Friends?
 No Man alive, who would not swear
 All's *safe*, and therefore *honest* there.
 For, spite of all the learned say,
 If we to 'Truth attention pay,
 The word *Disbonesty* is meant
 For nothing else but *Punishment*.
Fame too should tell, nor heed the threat
 Of Rogues, who Brother Rogues abet,
 Nor tremble at the terrors hung
 Aloft, to make her hold her tongue,
 How to all Principles untrue,
 Not fix'd to *old* Friends, nor to *New*,
 He damns the *Pension* which he takes,
 And loves the STUART he forsakes.
 NATURE (who justly regular
 Is very seldom known to err,
 But now and then in *sportive* mood,
 As some *rude* wits have understood,
 Or *through much work* requir'd in haste,
 Is with a random stroke disgrac'd)
 POMPOSO form'd on *doubtful* plan,
 Not quite a *Beast*, nor quite a *Man*,
 Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
 Could the most subtle human Wit

Find

Find out a Monster, which might be
The shadow of a *Simile*.

THESE THREE, THESE GREAT, THESE
MIGHTY THREE,

Nor can the *Poet's* Truth agree,
Howe'er Report hath done him wrong,
And the warp'd the purpose of his song,
Amongst refuse of their Race,
The Sons of Infamy to place,
That open, gen'rous, manly mind,
Which we with joy in *ALDRICH* find.

THESE THREE, who now are *faintly* shewn,
Just sketch'd, and scarcely to be known,
If *DULLMAN* their Request had heard,
In stronger Colours had appear'd,
And Friends, tho' partial, at first view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.

But had their Journal been display'd,
And the whole process open laid,
What a vast unexhausted field
For Mirth, must such a Journal yield!
In her own anger strongly charm'd,
'Gainst Hope, against Fear by Conscience arm'd,
Then had bold SATIRE made her way,
Knights, Lords, and Dukes, her destin'd prey.

But Prudence; ever sacred name
To those who feel not VIRTUE's flame,
Or only feel it at the best
As the dull dupe of *Interest*,

Whif-

Whisper'd aloud (for this we find
A Custom current with Mankind,
So loud to Whisper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard,
And Prudence sure would never miss
A Custom so contriv'd as this
Her Candour to secure; yet aim,
Sure Death against another's fame)
Knights, Lords, and Dukes—mad wretch, forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambush there;
Confine thy rage to weaker slaves,
Laugh at *small Fools*, and lash *small Knaves*,
But never, *helpless, mean, and poor*,
Rush on, where Laws cannot secure,
Nor think thyself, mistaken Youth,
Secure in Principles of *Truth*.
Truth! why, shall ev'ry wretch of Letters
Dare to speak *Truth* against his *Betters!*
Let *ragged VIRTUE* stand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let *ragged WIT* a Mute become,
When wealth and Pow'r would have her dumb.
For who the Devil doth not know,
That Titles and Estates bestow
An ample stock, where'er they fall,
Of Graces which we mental call?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are Rogues and Fools by Situation;
The Rich and Great are understood
To be of Course both wise and good.
Consult then Int'rest more than Pride,
Discreetly take the stronger side,

Desert in Time the simple few,
 Who *Virtue's* barren path pursue,
 Adopt my maxims——follow Me——
 To BAAL bow the prudent knee;
 Deny thy God, betray thy Friend,
 At BAAL's altars hourly bend,
 So shalt Thou rich and great be seen;
 To be Great now, You must be mean.

Hence, *Tempter*, to some weaker Soul,
 Which Fear and Interest controul;
 Vainly thy precepts are address'd,
 Where VIRTUE steels the steady breast.
 Through Meanness wade to boasted pow'r,
 Through Guilt repeated ev'ry hour,
 What is thy Gain, when all is done,
 What mighty laurels hast Thou won?
 Dull Crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
 Praise Thee for Virtues not thine own;
 But will, at once Man's scourge and friend,
Impartial CONSCIENCE too commend?
 From her reproaches can'st Thou fly?
 Can'st Thou with worlds her silence buy?
 Believe it not—her stings shall find
 A Passage to thy Coward Mind.
 There shall she fix her sharpest dart,
 There shew Thee truly, as *Thou art*,
Unknown to those, by whom Thou'rt priz'd;
Known to thyself to be despir'd.

The Man, who weds the sacred MUSE,
 Disdains all mercenary views,

And

And He, who VIRTUE's throne would rear,
 Laughs at the Phantoms rais'd by Fear.
 Tho' *Folly*, rob'd in Purple, shines,
 Tho' *Vice* exhausts *Peruvian* mines,
 Yet shall they tremble, and turn pale,
 When SATIRE wields her mighty Flail;
 Or should They, of rebuke afraid,
 With MELCOMBE seek Hell's deepest shade,
 SATIRE, still mindful of her aim,
 Shall bring the Cowards back to Shame.

Hated by many, lov'd by few:
 Above each little private view,
 Honest, tho' poor, (and who shall dare
 To disappoint my boasting there?)
 Hardy and resolute, tho' weak,
 The dictates of my heart to speak,
 Willing I bend at SATIRE's Throne;
 What Pow'r I have, be all her own.

Nor shall yon *Lawyer's* specious art,
 Conscious of a corrupted heart,
 Create imaginary Fear
 To damp us in our bold Career.
 Why should we Fear? and what? the Laws?
 They all are arm'd in VIRTUE's cause.
 And aiming at the self-same end,
 SATIRE is always VIRTUE's Friend,
 Nor shall that Muse, whose honest rage,
 In a corrupt degen'rate age,
 (When, dead to ev'ry nicer sense,
 Deep sunk in Vice and Indolence,

The SPIRIT of old ROME was broke
 Beneath the *Tyrant Fidler's* yoke)
 Banish'd the Rose from Nero's cheek;
 Under a BRUNSWICK fear to speak.

Drawn by *Conceit* from REASON's plan,
 How vain is that *poor Creature*; MAN!
 How pleas'd is every poultry elf
 To prate about that thing himself!
 After my Promise made in Rhime,
 And meant in earnest at that time,
 To jog, according to the Mode,
 In one dull pace, in one dull road,
 What but that Curse of Heart and Head
 To this *digression* could have led
 Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
 And can't stay in, nor well get out.

Could I, whilst *Humour* held the Quill,
 Could I *digress* with half that skill,
 Could I with half that skill return,
 Which we so much admire in STERNE,
 Where each *Digression*, seeming vain,
 And only fit to entertain,
 Is found, on better recollection,
 To have a just and nice Connection,
 To help the whole with wond'rous art,
 Whence it seems idly to depart;
 Then should our readers ne'er accuse
 These wild excursions of the Muse,
 Ne'er backward turn dull Pages o'er
 To recollect what went before;

Deeply impress'd, and ever new,
 Each Image past should start to view,
 And We to DULLMAN now come in,
 As if we ne'er had absent been.

Have you not seen, when danger's near,
 The coward cheek turn *white* with fear?
 Have you not seen, when danger's fled,
 The self-same cheek with joy turn *red*?
 These are *low* symptoms which we find
 Fit only for a vulgar mind,
 Where honest features, void of art,
 Betray the feelings of the heart;
 Our DULLMAN with a face was bless'd
 Where no one passion was express'd,
 His eye, in a *fine stupor* caught,
 Imply'd a plenteous lack of thought;
 Nor was one line that whole face seen in,
 Which could be justly charg'd with meaning.

To AVARICE by *birth* ally'd,
 Debauch'd by *Marriage* into *Pride*,
 In age grown fond of youthful sports,
 Of Poms, of Vanities, and Courts,
 And by success too mighty made,
 To love his Country or his Trade,
 Stiff in opinion, (no rare case
 With Blockheads in, or out of Place)
 Too weak, and insolent of Soul,
 To suffer Reason's just controul,
 But bending, of his own accord,
 To that *trim transient toy*, MY LORD,

The

The dupe of SCOTS (a fatal race,
 Whom GOD in *wrath* contriv'd to place,
 To scourge our crimes, and gall our pride,
 A constant thorn in ENGLAND's side,
 Whom first, our greatness to oppose,
 He in his vengeance mark'd for *foes*;
 Then, more to serve his wrathful ends,
 And *more to curse us*, mark'd for *Friends*)
 Deep in the state, if we give credit
 To *Him*, for no one else e'er said it,
 Sworn friend of great Ones not a few,
 Tho' he their Titles only knew,
 And those (which envious of his breeding
Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading)
 Merely to shew himself polite
 He never would pronounce aright;
 An *Orator* with whom a host
 Of those which ROME and ATHENS boast,
 In all their Pride might not contend,
 Who, with no Pow'rs to recommend,
 Whilst JACKY HUME, and BILLY WHITEHEAD,
 And DICKEY GLOVER sat delighted,
 Could speak whole days in Nature's spite,
 Just as those *able Verse-men* write,
 Great DULLMAN from his bed arose—
 Thrice did he spit—thrice wip'd his nose—
 Thrice strove to smile—thrice strove to frown—
 And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
 Then Silence broke—CRAPE, who am I?
 CRAPE bow'd, and smil'd an arch reply,
 Am I not, CRAPE? I am, you know,
 Above all those who are below.

Have I not knowledge? and for *Wit*,
 Money will always purchase it,
 Nor, if it needful should be found,
 Will I grudge ten, or twenty Pound,
 For which the whole stock may be bought
 Of *scoundrel wits* not worth a Groat.
 But lest I should proceed too far,
 I'll feel my Friend *the Minister*,
 (Great Men, CRAPE, must not be neglected)
 How he in this point is affected,
 For, as I stand a magistrate,
 To serve him first, and next the State,
 Perhaps He may not think it fit
 To let *his* magistrates have wit.

Boast I not, at this very hour,
 Those large effects which troop with pow'r?
 Am I not mighty in the land?
 Do not I sit, whilst others stand?
 Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
 In seat of honour always plac'd?
 And do not *Cits* of chief degree,
 Tho' proud to others, bend to me?

Have I not, as a JUSTICE ought,
 The laws such wholesome rigour taught,
 That *Fornication*, in disgrace,
 Is now afraid to shew her face,
 And not one Whore these walls approaches
 Unless they ride in our own coaches?
 And shall *this* FAME, an *old poor* Strumpet,
 Without our Licence sound her Trumpet,

And,

And, envious of our City's quiet,
 In broad Day-light blow up a Riot?
 If insolence like this we bear,
 Where is our State? our office, where?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the Neck ennobling CHAIN,
 Freedom's *known* badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the solemn-spreading ROBE,
Farewell the SWORD,—farewell the MACE,
Farewell all TITLE, POMP, and PLACE.
 Remov'd from Men of high degree,
 (A loss to *them*, CRAPE, not to *Me*)
 Banish'd to CHIPPENHAM, or to FROME,
 DULLMAN once more shall ply the Loom.

CRAPE, lifting up his hands and eyes,
 DULLMAN—the *Loom*—at CHIPPENHAM—cries,
 If there be Pow'rs which greatness love,
 Which *rule below*, but *dwell above*,
 Those Pow'rs united all shall join
 To contradict the rash design.

Sooner shall stubborn WILL lay down
 His opposition with his *Gown*,
 Sooner shall TEMPLE leave the road
 Which leads to VIRTUE's *mean* abode.
 Sooner shall SCOTS this Country quit,
 And ENGLAND's Foes be Friends to PITT,
 Than DULLMAN, from his grandeur thrown,
 Shall wander out-cast, and unknown.

Sure as that *Cane* (a *Cane* there stood
 Near too a *Table*, made of *Wood*,
 Of *dry fine Wood* a *Table* made
 By some rare artist in the trade,
 Who had enjoy'd immortal praise
 If he had liv'd in *HOMER's* days)
 Sure as that *Cane*, which once was seen
 In pride of life all fresh and green,
 The banks of *INDUS* to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours shorn,
 According to exactest rule,
 Was fashion'd by the workman's tool,
 And which at present we behold
Curiously polish'd, crown'd with *gold*,
 With *gold well-wrought*; sure as that *Cane*,
 Shall never on its native plain
 Strike root afresh, shall never more
 Flourish on *Tawny INDIA's* shore,
 So sure shall *DULLMAN* and his race
 To latest times this station grace.

DULLMAN, who all this while had kept
 His eye-lids clos'd as if He slept,
 Now looking stedfastly on *CRAPE*,
 As at some God in human shape —
CRAPE, I protest, you seem to me
 To have discharg'd a Prophecy;
Yes, — from the first it doth appear
 Planted by *FATE*, the *DULLMANS here*
 Have always held a quiet reign,
 And *here* shall to the last remain.

CRAPE,

CRAPE, they're all wrong about this *Ghost*—
 Quite on the wrong side of the Post—
Blockheads to take *it* in their head
 To be a message from the dead,
 For that by *Mission* they design,
 A word not half so good as mine.
 CRAPE—*here* it is—start not one doubt—
 A *Plot*—a *Plot* I've found it out.

O GOD!—cries CRAPE,—how blest the nation,
 Where one Son boasts such penetration!

CRAPE, I've not time to tell you now
 When I discover'd this, or *how*;
 To STENTOR go—if he's not there,
 His place let *Bully* NORTON bear—
 Our Citizens to Council call—
 Let *All* meet—'tis the cause of *All*.
 Let the three Witnesses attend
 With *Allegations* to befriend,
 To swear just so much, and no more,
 As We instruct them in before.

Stay—CRAPE—come back—what, don't you
 see
 Th' effects of this discovery?
 DULLMAN all care and toil endures—
 The Profit, CRAPE, will all be *Yours*.
 A *Mitre*, (for, this arduous task
 Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I ask)
 A *Mitre* (and perhaps the best)
 Shall thro' my Interest make thee blest.

And at this time, when *gracious FATE*
 Dooms to the *Scot* the reins of State,
 Who is more fit (and for your use
 We could some instances produce)
 Of ENGLAND'S *Church* to be the *Head*
 Than You, a *Presbyterian* bred?
 But when thus mighty you are made,
 Unlike the Brethren of thy trade,
 Be grateful, *CRAPE*, and let Me not,
 Like *Old NEWCASTLE*, be forgot.

But an *Affair*, *CRAPE*, of this size
 Will ask from *Conduct* vast supplies;
 It must not, as the *Vulgar* say,
 Be done in *Hugger Mugger* way,
 Traitors indeed (and that's discreet)
 Who hatch the *Plot*, in private meet;
 They should in *Public* go, no doubt,
 Whose business is to find it out.

To-morrow—if the day appear
 Likely to turn out fair and clear —
 Proclaim a *Grand Processionade*—
 Be all the *City Pomp* display'd,
 Let the *Train-bands*—*CRAPE* shook his head—
 They heard the *Trumpet* and were fled—
 Well—cries the *Knight*—if that's the case,
My Servants shall supply their place—
My Servants—*mine alone*—no more
 Than what *my Servants* did before—
 Dost not remember, *CRAPE*, that day,
 When, *DULLMAN*'s grandeur to display,

As all too simple, and too low,
 Our City Friends were thrust below,
 Whilst, as more worthy of our Love,
 Courtiers were entertain'd above?
 Tell me, who waited then? and how?
 My Servants—*mine*—and why not now?
 In haste then, CRAPE, to STENTOR go—
 But send up HART who waits below,
 With him, 'till You return again
 (Reach me my *Spectacles* and *Cane*)
 I'll make a proof how I advance in
 My new accomplishment of *dancing*.

Not quite so fast as Lightning flies,
 Wing'd with *red* anger, thro' the skies;
 Not quite so fast as, sent by JOVE,
 IRIS descends on wings of Love;
 Not quite so fast as TERROR dries
 When He the chafing winds bestrides;
 CRAPE Hobbled—but his mind was good—
 Cou'd he go faster than He cou'd?

Near to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,
 The mighty JULIUS rais'd of old,
 Where to the block by Justice led,
 The *Rebel* SCOT hath often bled,
 Where Arms are kept so clean, so bright,
 'Twere Sin they should be soil'd in fight,
 Where Brutes of *foreign* race are shewn
 By Brutes much greater of *our own*,
 Fast by the crouded *Thames*, is found
 An ample square of sacred ground,

Where artless *Eloquence* presides,
And *Nature* ev'ry sentence guides.

Here *Female Parliaments* debate
About Religion, Trade, and State,
Here ev'ry *NAIAD's* Patriot soul,
Disdaining *Foreign* base controul,
Despising *French*, despising *Erse*,
Pours forth the plain *Old English* Curse,
And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The Honours of the *Vulgar Tongue*.

Here *STENTOR*, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out Law.
Twelve Furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and distinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound.
The loudest Virgin of the stream,
Compar'd with *him*, would silent seem;
THAMES (who, enrag'd to find his course
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Against the Bridge indignant roars,
And lashes the resounding shores)
Compar'd with *him*, at lowest Tide,
In softest whispers seems to glide.

Hither directed by the noise,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
'Thro' too much zeal and haste made lame,
The *Rev'rend* slave of *DULLMAN* came.

STEN-

STENTOR—with such a serious air,
With such a face of *solemn* care,
As might import him to contain
A Nation's welfare in his brain—

STENTOR—cries CRAPE—I'm hither sent
On business of most high intent,
Great DULLMAN's orders to convey;
DULLMAN commands, and I obey.
Big with those throes which Patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the common weal,
Some secret which forbids him rest,
Tumbles and *Tosses* in his breast,
Tumbles and *Tosses* to get free;
And thus the Chief commands by Me.

To-morrow—if the Day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *Grand Processionade*—
Be all the City Pomp display'd—
Our Citizens to Council call—
Let *All* meet—'tis the Cause of *All*.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

T H E
G H O S T.
B O O K IV.

COXCOMBS, who vainly make pretence,
 To something of exalted sense
 'Bove other men, and, *gravely wise*,
 Affect those pleasures to despise,
 Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
 Bring no improvement to the mind,
 Rail at all pomp; They would not go
 For millions to a *Puppet-Show*,
 Nor can forgive the mighty crime
 Of countenancing *Pantomime*;
 No, not at COVENT GARDEN, where,
 Without a head for play or play'r,
 Or, could a head be found most fit,
 Without one play'r to second it,
 They must, obeying *Folly's* call,
 Thrive by mere show, or not at all.

With these *grave* Fops, who (bless their brains)
 Most cruel to themselves, take pains
 For wretchedness, and would be thought
 Much wiser than a wise man ought

For

For his own happiness to be,
 Who, what they hear, and what they see,
 And what they smell, and taste, and feel,
 Distrust, 'till REASON sets her seal,
 And, by long trains of consequences
 Ensur'd gives Sanction to the *Senses* ;
 Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waste
 One hour in what the World calls Taste,
 Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry
 Unless they know some reason why ;
 With these *grave* Fops, whose system seems
 'To give up Certainty for dreams,
 The *Eye* of Man is understood
 As for no other purpose good
 Than as a door, thro' which of course
 Their passage crouding objects force,
 A downright Usher, to admit
 New-Comers to the Court of *Wit*.
 (Good GRAVITY, forbear thy spleen
 When I say *Wit*, I *Wisdom* mean.)
 Where (such the practice of the Court,
 Which legal Precedents support)
 Not one Idea is allow'd
 To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,
 But ere it can obtain the grace
 Of holding in the brain a place,
 Before the Chief in Congregation
 Must stand a *strict Examination*.

Not such as *These*, who PHYSIC twirl,
 Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl,

Who

Who prove, with all becoming State,
 Their voice to be the voice of Fate,
 Prepar'd with *Essence, Drop, and Pill,*
 To be another *WARD, or HILL,*
 Before they can obtain their Ends
 To sign Death-warrants for their Friends,
 And talents vast as their's employ,
Secundum Artem to destroy,
 Must pass (or Laws their rage restrain)
 Before the Chiefs of *Warwick-Lane.*
 Thrice happy *Lane,* where uncontroll'd
 In *Pow'r* and *Lethargy* grown old,
 Most fit to take, in this blest Land,
 The reins which fell from *WYNDHAM's* hand,
 Her lawful throne great *DULLNESS* rears,
 Still more herself as more in Years;
 Where She (and who shall dare deny
 Her right, when *REEVES* and *CHAUNCY's* by)
 Calling to mind, in antient time,
 One *GARTH* who err'd in Wit and Rhime,
 Ordains from henceforth to admit
 None of the rebel Sons of Wit,
 And makes it her peculiar care,
 That *SCHOMBERG* never shall be there:

Not such as *Those,* whom *FOLLY* trains
 To Letters, tho' unblest'd with brains.
 Who destitute of pow'r and will
 To learn, are kept to learning still;
 Whose heads, when other methods fail,
 Receive instruction from the tail,

Because their Sires, a common case
 Which brings the Children to disgrace,
 Imagine it a certain rule,
 They never could beget a Fool,
 Must pass, or must *compound for*, ere
 The *Chaplain*, full of beef and pray'r,
 Will give his *reverend Permit*,
 Announcing them for Orders fit,
 So that the Prelate (what's a Name?
 All Prelates now are much the same)
 May with a conscience safe and quiet,
 With holy hands lay on that *Fiat*,
 Which doth, all faculties dispense,
All Sanctity, all Faith, all Sense,
 Makes MADAM quite a Saint appear
 And makes an Oracle of CHEERE.

Not such as in that solemn feat,
 Where the *nine Ladies* hold retreat,
 The *Ladies nine*, who, as we're told,
 Scorning those haunts they lov'd of old,
 The banks of ISIS now prefer,
 Nor will one hour from OXFORD stir,
 Are held for form; which BALAAM's *Ass*
 As well as BALAAM's self might pass,
 And with his Master take degrees,
 Could he contrive to pay the Fees.

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,
 O'erload the Storehouse of the head
 With furniture they ne'er can use,
 Cannot forgive our rambling Muse,

This

This wild excursion ; cannot see
 Why *Physic* and *Divinity*,
 To the Surprize of all beholders,
 Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders ;
 Or how, in any point of view,
 OXFORD hath any thing to do ;
 But Men of nice and subtle Learning,
 Remarkable for quick discerning,
 Thro' Spectacles of critic mould,
 Without instruction, will behold
 That We a Method here have got,
 To shew What is, by What is not,
 And that our drift (*Parentthesis*
 For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the brain's most secret cells,
 A certain *Lord Chief Justice* dwells
 Of sov'reign pow'r, whom One and All,
 With common Voice, We REASON call ;
 Tho', for the purposes of Satire,
 A name in Truth is no great Matter,
 JEFFERIES or MANSFIELD, which you will,
 It means a *Lord Chief Justice* still.
 Here, so our great Projectors say,
 The Senses all must homage pay,
Hither They all must tribute bring,
 And prostrate fall before their King,
 Whatever unto them is brought,
 Is carry'd on the wings of Thought
 Before his throne, where, in full state,
 He on their merits holds debate,

Exa-

Examines, Cross-examines, Weighs
 Their right to censure or to praise;
 Nor doth his equal voice depend
 On narrow Views of foe and friend,
 Nor can or flattery or force
 Divert him from his steady course;
 The Channel of Enquiry's clear,
 No *sham Examination's* here.

He, upright Justicer no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
 Adjusts and settles in a trice
 What Virtue is, and What is Vice,
 What is Perfection, what Defect,
 What we must chuse, and what reject;
 He takes upon him to explain
 What pleasure is, and what is Pain,
 Whilst We, obedient to the Whim,
 And resting all our faith on him,
 True Members of the *Stoic* weal,
 Must learn to think, and cease to feel.

This glorious System form'd, for Man
 To practice when and how he can,
 If the five Senses in alliance
 To Reason hurl a proud defiance,
 And, tho' oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
 Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
 Which they a greater slav'ry hold,
 Than Jewish Bondage was of old;
 Or if They, something touch'd with shame,
 Allow him to retain the name

Of

Of Royalty, and, as in Sport,
 To hold a mimic formal Court;
 Permitted, no uncommon thing,
 To be a kind of Puppet King,
 And suffer'd, by the way of toy,
 To hold a globe, but not employ;
 Our *System-mongers*, struck with fear,
 Prognosticate destruction near;
 All things to Anarchy must run;
 The little World of Man's undone.

Nay should the *Eye*, that nicest Sense,
 Neglect to send intelligence
 Unto the Brain, distinct and clear,
 Of all that passes in her sphere,
 Should She presumptuous joy receive,
 Without the Understanding's leave,
 They deem it rank and daring Treason
 Against the Monarchy of REASON,
 Not thinking, tho' they're wondrous wise,
 That few have *Reason*, most have *Eyes*;
 So that the Pleasures of the Mind
 To a small circle are confin'd,
 Whilst those which to the Senses fall,
 Become the Property of All.
 Besides (and this is sure a Case
 Not much at present out of place)
 Where NATURE Reason doth deny,
 No art can that defect supply,
 But if (for it is our intent
 Fairly to state the argument)

A Man should want an eye or two,
'The Remedy is sure, tho' new ;
The Cure's at hand—no need of Fear—
For proof—behold the CHEVALIER—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put Eyes in, as put them out.

But, Argument apart, which tends
T' embitter foes, and sep'rate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apostate for the *Nine*,
Would I, tho' bred up a Divine,
And foe of course to Reason's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own Sense and Feelings taught,
In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry Man enjoy his whim ;
What's He to Me, or I to him?
Might I, tho' never rob'd in *Ermine*,
A matter of this weight determine,
No Penalties should settled be
To force men to Hypocrisy,
To make them ape an awkward zeal,
And, feeling not, pretend to feel.
I would not have, might sentence rest
Finally fix'd within my breast,
E'en ANNET censur'd and confin'd,
Because we're of a diff'rent mind.

NATURE, who in her act most free,
Herself delights in Liberty,
Profuse in Love, and without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round ;

Whom

Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
 In double Portions on our head,
 We could not truly bounteous call,
 If FREEDOM did not crown them all.

By Providence forbid to stray,
Brutes never can mistake their way,
 Determin'd still, they plod along
 By Instinct, neither right nor wrong;
 But Man, had he the heart to use
 His Freedom, hath a right to chuse,
 Whether He acts or well, or ill,
 Depends entirely on his will;
 To her last work, her fav'rite Man,
 Is giv'n on NATURE's better plan
 A Privilege in pow'r to *err*,
 Nor let this phrase resentment stir
 Amongst the grave ones, since indeed,
 The little merit Man can plead
 In doing well, dependeth still
 Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

Opinions should be free as air;
 No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
 His Qualities, a claim can found
 That my Opinion must be bound,
 And square with his; such slavish chains
 From foes the lib'ral soul disdains,
 Nor can, tho' true to friendship, bend
 To wear them even from a friend.
 Let Those, who rigid Judgment own,
 Submissive bow at Judgment's throne,

And

And if They of no value hold
 Pleasure, 'till Pleasure is grown cold,
 Pall'd and insipid, forc'd to wait
 For judgment's regular debate
 To give it warrant, let them find
 Dull Subjects suited to their mind;
 Their's be slow Wisdom; Be *my* plan
 To live as merry as I can,
 Regardless as the fashions go,
 Whether there's Reason for't, or no;
 Be my employment here on earth
 To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
 Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
 And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.

But if, by Error led astray,
 I chance to wander from my way,
 Let no blind guide observe, in spite,
 I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.
 That Doctor could I ne'er endure,
 Who found disease, and not a cure,
 Nor can I hold that man a friend,
 Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend
 To open happy Folly's eyes,
 And, making wretched, make me wise;
 For next, a Truth which can't admit
 Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
 To *being* happy here below,
 Is to *believe* that we are so.

Some few in *knowledge* find relief,
 I place my comfort in *belief*.

Some

Some for *Reality* may call,
 FANCY to me is All in All.
Imagination, thro' the trick
 Of Doctors, often makes us sick,
 And why, let any Sophist tell,
 May it not likewise make us well?
 This am I sure, whate'er our view,
 Whatever shadows we pursue,
 For our pursuits, be what they will,
 Are little more than shadows still,
 Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,
 For man to catch, or hold them long.
 But Joys which in the FANCY live,
 Each moment to each man may give.
 True to himself, and true to ease,
 He softens Fate's severe decrees,
 And (can a Mortal wish for more?)
 Creates, and makes himself new o'er,
 Mocks boasted vain *Reality*,
 And *Is*, whate'er he wants to Be.

Hail, FANCY — to thy pow'r I owe
 Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe,
 To Thee I owe a mighty debt,
 Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget,
 Whilst Mem'ry can her force employ,
 A large increase of ev'ry joy,
 When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,
 A *knawish* guard, ordain'd by Law
 To keep *poor Honesty* in awe;

Autho-

Authority, severe and stern,
 To intercept my wish'd return ;
 When Foes grew proud, and Friends grew cool,
 And Laughter seiz'd each sober fool ;
 When Candour started in amaze,
 And, meaning censure, hinted praise ;
 When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
 And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that she was wise ;
 When All around Me, with an air
 Of hopeless Sorrow, look'd Despair,
 When They or said, or seem'd to say,
 There is but one, one only way ;
 Better, and be advis'd by us,
 Not be at all, than to be thus ;
 When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride
 Disabled, lay by Virtue's side,
 Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,
 Which could not hope, yet would not fear ;
 Health in her motion, the wild grace
 Of Pleasure speaking in her face,
 Dull Regularity thrown by,
 And Comfort beaming from her eye,
 FANCY, in richest robes array'd,
 Came smiling forth, and brought me aid,
 Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,
 And, more to bless me, came in *Rhime*.

Nor is her Pow'r to me confin'd,
 It spreads, It comprehends Mankind.

When (to the Spirit-stirring sound
 Of Trumpets breathing Courage round,

And

And Fifes, well mingled to restrain,
 And bring that Courage down again,
 Or to the melancholy knell
 Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
 Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*
 Muffled, to mortify the pride
 Of those, who ENGLAND quite forgot,
 Paid their vile homage to the Scot;
 Where ASGILL held the foremost place,
 Whilst my Lord figur'd at a race)
Processions ('tis not worth debate
 Whether They are of Stage or State)
 Move on, so very, very slow,
 'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
 When the Performers all the while
 Mechanically frown or smile,
 Or, with a dull and stupid stare,
 A vacancy of Sense declare,
 Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought
 Into a Labyrinth of Thought,
 Where Reason wanders still in doubt,
 And, once got in, cannot get out;
 What cause sufficient can we find
 To satisfy a thinking mind,
 Why, dup'd by such vain farces, Man
 Descends to act on such a plan?
 Why They, who hold themselves divine,
 Can in such wretched follies join,
 Strutting like Peacocks, or like Crows,
Themselves and *Nature* to expose?
 What Cause, but that (you'll understand
 We have our Remedy at hand,

That

That if perchance we start a doubt,
 Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,
 As Surgeons, when they lop a limb,
 Whether for Profit, Fame, or Whim,
 Or mere experiment to try,
 Must always have a *Styptic* by)
 FANCY steps in, and stamps that *real*,
 Which, *ipso facto*, is *Ideal*.

Can none remember, yes, I know,
 All must remember that rare show,
 When to the Country SENSE went down,
 And Fools came flocking up to Town,
 When *Knights* (a work which all admit
 To be for *Knighthood* much unfit)
 Built booths for hire ; when *Parsons* play'd
 In robes *Canonical* array'd,
 And, Fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
 The price of Tickets to advance ;
 Or, unto Tapsters turn'd, dealt out,
 Running from Booth to Booth about,
 To ev'ry Scoundrel, by retail,
 True pennyworths of Beef and Ale,
 Then first prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
 For present grand *Electioneering* ;
 When *Heralds*, running all about
 To bring in Order, turn'd it Out ;
 When, by the *prudent Marshal's* care,
 Lest the rude populace should stare,
 And with unhallow'd eyes profane
 Gay Puppets of Patrician strain,

The whole Procession, as in spite,
 Unheard, unseen, stole off by Night;
 When our Lov'd Monarch, nothing loth,
 Solemnly took that sacred oath,
 Whence mutual firm agreements spring
 Betwixt the *Subject* and the *King*,
 By which in usual manner crown'd,
 His *Head*, his *Heart*, his *Hands* he bound,
 Against *himself*, should Passion stir
 The least Propensity to err,
 Against all *Slaves*, who might prepare
 Or open force or hidden snare,
 That *glorious* CHARTER to maintain,
 By which *We serve*, and *He must reign*;
 Then FANCY, with unbounded sway,
 Revell'd sole Mistress of the day,
 And wrought such wonders, as might make
Egyptian Sorcerers forsake
 Their baffled mockeries, and own
 The Palm of *Magic* Her's alone.

A KNIGHT (who in the silken lap
 Of lazy Peace, had liv'd on Pap,
 Who never yet had dar'd to roam
 'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
 Nor even that, unless a *Guide*
 Was plac'd to amble by his side,
 And troops of *Slaves* were spread around
 To keep his Honour safe and sound,
 Who could not suffer for his life
 A Point to sword, or Edge to knife,

And

And always fainted at the sight
Of Blood, tho' 'twas not shed in fight,
Who disinherited one Son
For firing off an *Elder Gun*,
And whipt another, six years old,
Because the Boy, presumptuous, bold
To Madness, likely to become
A very Swiss, had beat a drum,
Tho' it appear'd an instrument
Most *peaceable* and *innocent*,
Having from first been in the hands
And service of the *City Bands*)
Grac'd with those ensigns, which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,
The Minds of Warriors to inflame,
And spur them on to deeds of Fame,
With little Sword, large Spurs, high Feather,
Fearless of ev'ry thing but Weather,
(And all must own, who pay regard
To Charity, it had been hard
That in this very first *Campaign*
His *Honours* should be soil'd with rain).
A Hero all at once became,
And (seeing others much the same
In point of Valour as himself,
Who leave their Courage on a shelf
From Year to Year, till some such rout
In proper season calls it out)
Strutted, look'd big, and swagger'd more
Than ever Hero did before,
Look'd up, Look'd down, Look'd all around,
Like MAYORS, grimly smil'd and frown'd,

Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call
 To fight, that he might rout them all,
 And personated Valour's style
 So long, Spectators to beguile,
 That passing strange, and wondrous true,
 Himself at last believ'd it too,
 Nor for a time could he discern
 Till Truth and Darkness took their turn,
 So well did FANCY play her part,
 That Coward still was at the heart.

WHIFFLE (who knows not WHIFFLE's name,
 By the impartial voice of fame
 Recorded first, thro' all this land,
 In Vanity's illustrious band ?)
 Who, by all bounteous Nature meant
 For offices of hardiment,
 A modern HERCULES at least,
 To rid the world of each wild beast,
 Of each wild beast which came in view,
 Whether on four legs or on two,
 Degenerate, delights to prove
 His force on the *Parade* of Love,
 Disclaims the joys which camps afford,
 And for the Distaff quits the sword ;
 Who fond of Women would appear
 To public eye, and public ear,
 But, when in private, lets them know
 How little they can trust to show ;
 Who sports a Woman, as of course,
 Just as a Jockey shews a horse,

And

And then returns her to the stable,
 Or vainly plants her at the table,
 Where he would rather VENUS find,
 (So pall'd, and so deprav'd his mind)
 Than by some great occasion led,
 To seize her panting in her bed,
 Burning with more than mortal fires,
 And melting in her own desires;
 Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
 Thro' fashion, not thro' feeling, wild;
 Whate'er in others, who proceed
 As Sense and Nature have decreed,
 From real passion flows, in him
 Is mere effect of mode and whim;
 Who Laughs, a very common way,
 Because he nothing has to say,
 As your *choice* SPIRITS oaths dispense
 To fill up vacancies of Sense;
 Who, having some small Sense, defies it,
 Or, using, always misapplies it;
 Who now and then brings something forth,
 Which seems indeed of Sterling Worth,
 Something, by sudden Start and Fit,
 Which at a distance looks like wit,
 But, on Examination near,
 To his confusion will appear
 By Truth's fair glass, to be at best
 A Threadbare Jester's threadbare jest;
 Who frisks and dances thro' the street,
 Sings without voice, rides without seat,
 Plays o'er his tricks, like ÆSOP's As,
 A *gratis* fool to all who pass;

Who riots, tho' he loves not waste,
 Whores without lust, drinks without taste,
 Acts without sense, talks without thought
 Does every thing but what he ought,
 Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
 Of Vice, is Vicious, who one hour,
 Proud without Pride, the next will be
 Humble without Humility ;
 Whose Vanity we all discern,
 The Spring on which his actions turn ;
 Whose aim in erring, is to err,
 So that he may be singular,
 And all his utmost wishes mean,
 Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be seen.
Such (for when FLATT'RY'S soothing strain
 Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,
 And found a method to persuade
 Her art, to soften ev'ry shade,
 JUSTICE enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd
 From her degen'rate hand, and scratch'd
 Out ev'ry trace ; then, quick as thought,
 From life this striking likeness caught)
 In Mind, in Manners, and in Mien,
Such WHIFFLE came, and such was seen
 In the World's eye, but (strange to tell !)
 Misled by FANCY'S magic spell,
 Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
 Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
 Was more than human in his own.
 O bow, bow All at FANCY'S throne,
 Whose Pow'r could make so vile an Elf,
 With Patience bear that thing, *himself*.

But

But, Mistress of each art to please,
Creative FANCY, what are these,
These Pageants of a trifler's Pen,
 To what thy Pow'r effected then?
 Familiar with the human mind,
 As swift and subtle as the wind,
 Which we all feel, yet no one knows
 Or whence it comes, or where it goes,
 FANCY at *once* in ev'ry part
 Possess'd the Eye, the Head, and Heart,
 And in a thousand forms array'd,
 A thousand various gambols play'd.

Here, in a Face which well might ask
 The Privilege to wear a mask
 In spite of Law, and Justice teach
 For public good t' excuse the breach,
 Within the furrow of a wrinkle
 'Twixt Eyes, which could not shine but twinkle,
 Like Centinels i' th' starry way,
 Who wait for the return of day
 Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
 Their watch, like Soldiers, in their sleep,
 Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
 Of Law, must burn from hour to hour,
 (Else they, without redemption, fall
 Under the terrors of that Hall,
 Which, once notorious for a *hop*,
 Is now become a *Justice-shop*)
 Which are so manag'd, to go out
 Just when the time comes round about,

Which yet thro' emulation strive
 To keep their dying light alive,
 And (not uncommon, as we find,
 Amongst the children of mankind)
 As they grow weaker, would seem stronger,
 And burn a little, little longer;
 FANCY, betwixt such eyes enshrin'd,
 No brush to daub, no mill to grind,
 Thrice wav'd her wand around, whose force
 Chang'd in an instant Nature's course.
 And, hardly credible in Rhime,
 Not only stopp'd, but call'd back Time.
 The Face, of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
 Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,
 Down the Neck ringlets spread their flame,
 The Neck admiring whence they came;
 On the Arch'd Brow the *Graces* play'd;
 On the full Bosom *Cupid* laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits sent,
 Became for Eyes a supplement;
 Teeth, white as ever Teeth were seen
 Deliver'd from the hand of GREEN,
 Started, in regular array,
 Like Train'd-Bands on a grand Field-day,
 Into the Gums, which would have fled,
 But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,
 Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
 And Lady ——— was fifteen.

Here She made lordly temples rise
 Before the pious DASHWOOD's eyes,

Temples,

Temples, which built aloft in air,
 May serve for show, if not for pray'r:
 In solemn form Herself, before,
 Array'd like *Faith*, the Bible bore.
There, over MELCOMB's feather'd head,
 Who, quite a man of Gingerbread,
 Savour'd in talk, in drefs, and phyzy,
 More of another World than this,
 To a *dwarf Muse a Giant Page*,
 The last grave Fop of the last Age,
 In a superb and feather'd hearse,
Bescutcheon'd and *betagg'd* with Verse,
 Which, to Beholders from afar,
 Appear'd like a triumphal Car,
 She rode, in a *cast* Rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the *hallow'd plaid*,
 Naked, as when (in those drear Cells
 Where, *Self-blefs'd*, *Self-curs'd*, MADNESS dwells)
 PLEASURE, on whom, in *Laughter's* shape,
 FRENZY had perfected a rape,
 First brought her forth, before her time,
 Wild Witness of her shame and crime,
 Driving before an Idol band
 Of driv'ling STUARTS, hand in hand,
 Some, who to curse Mankind, had Wore
 A Crown they ne'er must think of more,
 Others, whose baby brows were grac'd
 With Paper Crowns, and Toys of Paste,
 She Jigg'd, and playing on the Flute,
 Spread raptures o'er the soul of BUTE.

Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
 Which wrought the busy soul of man
 To her full bent, the CIVIL LAW,
 Fit *Code* to keep a world in awe,
 Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
 As *Jewish Frontlets* were of old,
 'The famous CHARTER of our land,
 Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
 As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
 But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
 Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
 Before him troops of Heroes walk'd,
 Whom best He lov'd, of Heroes crown'd,
 By TORIES guarded all around,
 Dull solemn pleasure in his face,
 He saw the honours of his race,
 He saw their lineal glories rise,
 And touch'd, or seem'd to touch the skies.
 Not the most distant mark of fear,
 No sign of *axe*, or *scaffold* near,
 Not one curs'd thought, to cross his will,
 Of such a place as *Tower Hill*.

Curse on this *Muse*, a flippant Jade,
 A Shrew, like ev'ry other Maid
 Who turns the corner of nineteen,
 Devour'd with peevishness and spleen.
 Her Tongue (for as, when bound for life,
 The Husband suffers for the Wife,
 So if in any works of rhyme
 Perchance there blunders out a crime,

Poor Culprit Bards must always rue it,
Altho' 'tis plain the Muses do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To send me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme (our themes we chuse
In modern days without a *Muse*,
Just as a Father will provide
To join a Bridegroom and a Bride,
As if, tho' they must be the Play'rs,
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)
Whate'er my theme, the *Muse*, who still
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal *Politics* appears;
Time was, and, if I ought discern
Of Fate, that Time shall soon return,
When *decent* and *demure* at least,
As grave and dull as any Priest,
I could see *Vice*, in robes array'd,
Could see the game of *Folly* play'd
Successfully in Fortune's school,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
Time was, when nothing loth or proud,
I lacquied, with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in Office, and would bow
To Cyphers great in place; but now
Upright I stand, as if wise Fate,
To compliment a shatter'd state,
Had me, like *ATLAS*, hither sent
To shoulder up the firmament,

And

And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack
 The Heavens would tumble from my back;
 Time was, when rank and situation
 Secur'd the great Ones of the Nation
 From all controul; *Satire* and *Law*
 Kept only little Knaves in awe,
 But now, *Decorum* lost, I stand
Bemus'd, a Pencil in my hand,
 And, dead to ev'ry sense of shame,
 Careless of Safety and of Fame,
 The names of Scoundrels minute down,
 And Libel more than half the Town.

How can a Statesman be secure
 In all his Villanies, if poor
 And dirty Authors thus shall dare
 To lay his rotten bosom bare?
Muses should pass away their time,
 In dressing out the Poet's rhyme
 With Bills and Ribbands, and array
 Each line in harmless taste, tho' gay.
 When the hot burning Fit is on,
 They should regale their restless Son
 With something to allay his rage,
 Some cool Castalian Beverage,
 Or some such draught (tho' *They*, 'tis plain,
 Taking the *Muses* name in vain,
 Know nothing of their real court,
 And only fable from report)
 As makes a *WHITEHEAD's Ode* go down,
 Or flakes the *Feverette* of *Brown*:

But

But who would in his Senses think
 Of Muses Giving gall to drink,
 Or that their folly should afford
 To raving Poets Gun or Sword?
 Poets were ne'er design'd by fate
 To meddle with affairs of State,
 Nor should (if we may speak our thought
 Truly as men of Honour ought)
 Sound Policy their rage admit,
 To Launch the thunderbolts of Wit
 About those heads, which, when they're shot,
 Can't tell if 'twas by Wit, or not.

These things well known, what Devil in spite
 Can have seduc'd me thus to write
 Out of that road, which must have led
 To riches, without heart or head,
 Into that road, which, had I more
 Than ever Poet had before,
 Of Wit and Virtue, in disgrace
 Would keep me still, and out of place,
 Which, if some *Judge* (You'll understand
 One famous, famous thro' the land
 For *making* Law) should stand my friend,
 At last may in a Pill'ry end,
 And all this, I myself admit,
 Without one cause to lead to it.—

For instance now—this book—the GHOST—
 Methinks I hear some Critic Post
 Remark most gravely —“ The first word
 “ Which we about the Ghost have heard.”

Peace,

Peace, my good Sir—not quite so fast—
What is the first, may be the last,
Which is a point, all must agree,
Cannot depend on You or Me.

FANNY, no Ghost of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controul'd;

To keep her state, and shew her skill,
She never comes but when she will.

I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And shrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my disgrace,
I too am in the self-same case)

But still I wrote, till FANNY came:
Impatient, nor could any shame
On me with equal justice fall,
If She had never come at all.

An Underling, I could not stir
Without the Cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the subject aid receive
Until She came, and gave me leave.

So that (Ye Sons of Erudition
Mark, this is but a supposition,
Nor would I to so wise a nation
Suggest it as a *Revelation*)

If henceforth dully turning o'er
Page after Page, Ye read no more
Of FANNY, who, in Sea or Air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt Fortune, but agree
No censure can be laid on me,
For sure (the cause let MANSFIELD try)
FANNY is in the fault, not I.

But

But to return—and this I hold,
A secret worth its weight in gold
To those who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile,
Make it but worth the Reader's while,
And keep a passage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Thro' dirt, who scruples to approach,
At pleasure's call, to take a coach,
But we should think the man a clown
Who in the dirt should set us down?

But to return—if WIT, who ne'er
The shackles of restraint could bear,
In wayward humour should refuse
Her timely succour to the *Muse*,
And to no rules and orders tied
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She must renounce *Decorum's* plan,
And get back when, and how she can,
As *Parsons*, who, without pretext,
As soon as mention'd, quit their text,
And, to promote Sleep's genial pow'r,
Grope in the dark for half an hour,
Give no more Reason (for we know
Reason is vulgar, mean, and low)
Why they come back (should it befall
That ever they come back at all)
Into the road, to end their rout,
Than they can give Why they went out.

But

But to return—this Book—the GHOST—
 A mere amusement at the most,
 A trifle, fit to wear away
 The horrors of a rainy day,
 A slight shot silk, for summer wear,
 Just as our modern Statesmen are,
 If rigid honesty permit
 That I for once purloin the Wit
 Of him, who, were we all to steal,
 Is much too rich the theft to feel.
 Yet in this Book, where Ease should join
 With Mirth to *sugar* ev'ry line,
 Where it should all be mere *Cbit Cbat*,
 Lively, Good-humour'd, and *all that*,
 Where *bonest* SATIRE, in disgrace,
 Should not so much as shew her face,
 The Shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
 Breaks into Laughter's sacred grounds,
 And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
 In *Science, Trade, and Politics*.

But why should the distemper'd Scold
 Attempt to blacken Men enroll'd
 In Pow'r's dread book, whose mighty skill
 Can twist an Empire to their will,
 Whose Voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, Liberty, and Life are hung,
 Whom, on enquiry, Truth shall find,
 With STUARTS *link'd*, time out of mind
 Superior to their Country's Laws,
 Defenders of a Tyrant's cause,

Men,

Men, who the same damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old,
 Who, tho' by diff'rent means, pursue
 The end which they had first in view,
 And, force found vain, now play their part
 With much less Honour, much more Art?
 Why, at the corners of the Streets,
 To ev'ry Patriot drudge She meets,
 Known or unknown, with furious cry
 Should She wild clamours vent, or why,
 The minds of *Groundlings* to enflame,
 A DASHWOOD, BUTE, and WYNDHAM name?
 Why, having not to our surprize
 The fear of death before her Eyes,
 Bearing, and that but now and then,
 No other weapon but her pen,
 Should She an argument afford
 For blood, to Men who *wear a sword*,
 Men, who can nicely *trim and pare*
 A point of HONOUR to a hair,
 (HONOUR—a Word of nice import,
 A pretty trinket in a Court,
 Which *my* Lord quite in rapture feels
 Dangling, and rattling with his Seals—
 HONOUR—a Word, which all the *Nine*
 Would be much puzzled to define—
 HONOUR—a Word which torture mocks
 And might confound a thousand LOCKES—
 Which (for I leave to wiser heads,
 Who fields of death prefer to beds
 Of down, to find out, if they can,
 What HONOUR is, on their Wild plan)

Is *not*, to take it in their Way,
 And this we sure may dare to say
 Without incurring an offence,
Courage, Law, Honesty, or Sense,
 Men, who all Spirit, Life, and Soul,
 Neat Butchers of a *Button-bole*,
 Having more skill, believe it true
 That they must have more courage too,
 Men, who without a place or name,
 Their Fortunes speechless as their fame,
 Would by the Sword new Fortunes carve,
 And rather die in fight than starve?
 At *Coronations*, a vast field
 Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
 Of good sound food, at once most fit
 For purposes of health and wit,
 Could not ambitious SATIRE rest,
 Content with what she might digest;
 Could she not feast on things of course,
 A *Champion*, or a *Champion's horse*;
 A *Champion's horse*—no, better say,
 Tho' better figur'd on that day—
 A *horse*, which might appear to us,
 Who deal in rhyme, a PEGASUS,
 A *Rider*, who, when once got on,
 Might pass for a BELLEROPHON,
 Dropt on a sudden from the skies,
 To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
 To witch, with wand instead of whip,
 The world with *noble* horsemanship,
 To twist and twine, both Horse and Man,
 On such a well-concerted plan,

That,

That, *Centaur*-like, when all was done,
We scarce could think they were not one ?
Could She not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of *new-coin'd* Peers,
Who walk'd, Nobility forgot,
With shoulders fitter for a knot,
Than robes of Honour, for whose sake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, because they could not find,
Great Predecessors to their mind ?
Could She not (tho' 'tis doubtful since
Whether He *Plumber* is, or *Prince*)
Tell of a simple Knight's advance
To be a doughty Peer of *France*,
Tell how he did a Dukedom gain,
And ROBINSON was AQUITAIN,
Tell how our City-Chiefs, disgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd,
A gross neglect, which, whilst they live,
They can't forget, and won't forgive,
A gross neglect of all those rights
Which march with City Appetites,
Of all those Canons, which we find
By *Gluttony*, time out of mind,
Establish'd ; which they ever hold,
Dearer than any thing but Gold ?

Thanks to my Stars—I now see shore—
Of Courtiers, and of Courts no more—
Thus stumbling on my City Friends,
Blind Chance my guide, my purpose bends

In

In line direct, and shall pursue
 The point which I had first in view,
 Nor more shall with the Reader sport
 'Till I have seen him safe in port.
 Hush'd be each fear—no more I bear
 Thro' the wide regions of the air
 The Reader terrified, no more
 Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.
 Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Cross-roads to ALLEN I resign,
 ALLEN, the honour of this nation,
 ALLEN, himself a *Corporation*,
 ALLEN, of late notorious grown
 For writings none, or all his own,
 ALLEN, the first of *letter'd* men,
 Since the *good* Bishop holds his pen,
 And at his elbow takes his stand
 To mend his head, and guide his hand.
 But hold—once more *Digression* hence—
 Let us return to *Common-Sense*,
 The Car of PHOEBUS I discharge;
 My Carriage now a LORD-MAYOR's *Barge*.

Suppose we now — we may suppose
 In Verse, what would be Sin in Prose —
 The Sky with darkness overspread,
 And ev'ry Star retir'd to bed,
 The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride
 In some dark corner thrown aside,
 Great *Lords* and *Ladies* giving way
 To what they seem to scorn by day,

The

The real feelings of the heart,
 And Nature taking place of Art,
Desire triumphant thro' the Night,
 And *Beauty* panting with delight,
Chastity, Woman's fairest crown,
 'Till the return of Morn laid down,
 Then to be worn again as bright
 As if not sullied in the Night,
 Dull *Ceremony*, business o'er,
 Dreaming in form at COTTRELL's door,
Precaution trudging all about
 To see the Candles safely out,
 Bearing a mighty *Master-Key*,
 Habited like *Oeconomy*,
 Stamping each lock with triple seals,
 Mean AV'RICE creeping at her heels.

Suppose we too, like sheep in Pen,
 The *Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*
 Within their barge, which, thro' the deep,
 The Rowers more than half asleep,
 Mov'd slow, as over-charg'd with State;
 THAMES groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
 And felt that *bawble* heavier far
 Than a whole fleet of men of war.
 SLEEP o'er each well-known faithful head,
 With lib'ral hand his Poppies shed,
 Each head, by DULLNESS rend'red fit
 SLEEP and his Empire to admit.
 Thro' the whole passage not a word,
 Not one faint, weak, half sound was heard;
 SLEEP had prevail'd to overwhelm
 The Steersman nodding o'er the helm,

The

The Rower, without force or skill,
 Left the dull Barge to drive at will;
 The sluggish Oars suspended hung,
 And even BEARDMORE held his *tongue*.
 COMMERCE, regardful of a freight,
 On which depended half her *State*,
 Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
 She safely clear'd that bank of Sand,
 Where, stranded, our West-Country Fleet
 Delay and Danger often meet;
 Till NEPTUNE, anxious for the trade,
 Comes in full tides, and brings them aid;
 Next (for the Muses can survey
 Objects by Night as well as day,
 Nothing prevents their taking aim,
 Darkness and Light to them the same)
 They pass that building, which of old
Queen-Mothers was design'd to hold,
 At present a mere *lodging-pen*,
 A Palace turn'd into a den,
 To Barracks turn'd, and Soldiers tread
 Where *Dowagers* have laid their head;
 Why should we mention *Surrey-Street*,
 Where ev'ry week grave Judges meet,
 All fitted out with *bum* and *ba*,
 In proper form to drawl out Law,
 To see all causes duly tried
 'Twixt Knaves who drive, and Fools who ride?
 Why at the *Temple* should we stay?
 What of the *Temple* dare we say?
 A dang'rous ground we tread on there,
 And words perhaps may actions bear,
 Where,

Where, as the Brethren of the seas,
 For *fares*, the Lawyers ply for fees.
 What of that *Bridge*, most wisely made
 To serve the purposes of trade,
 In the great Mart of all this Nation,
 By stopping up the Navigation,
 And to that Sand-bank adding weight,
 Which is already much too great? --
 What of that *Bridge*, which, void of Sense,
 But well supplied with impudence,
Englishmen, knowing not the *Guild*,
 Thought they might have a claim to build,
 Till PATERSON, as white as milk,
 As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,
 In solemn manner had decreed,
 That, on the other side the TWEED,
 ART, born and bred, and fully grown,
 Was with one MYLNE, a man unknown,
 But grace, preferment, and renown
 Deserving just arriv'd in town ;
 One MYLNE, an Artist perfect quite,
 Both in his own, and country's right,
 As fit to make a bridge, as He,
 With glorious *Patavinity*,
 To build inscriptions, worthy found
 'To lie for ever under ground.

Much more, worth observation too,
 Was this a season to pursue
 The theme, our Muse might tell in rhyme ;
 The Will She hath, but not the time ;

For,

For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,
(And when a Goddess comes, we know,
Surpassing Nature acts prevail,
And boats want neither oar, nor sail)
The Vessel past, and reach'd the shore
So quick, that Thought was scarce before.

Suppose we now our *City-Court*
Safely deliver'd at the port,
And, of their State regardless quite,
Landed, like smuggled goods, by night ;
The solemn Magistrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown
With ev'ry other ensign gone ;
Suppose the woollen Night-Cap on ;
The *Flesh-brush* us'd with decent state
To make the Spirits circulate,
(A form, which to the Senses true,
The liq'rish Chaplain uses too,
Tho', something to improve the plan,
He takes the Maid instead of Man)
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er
To shew the vigour of threescore,
The vigour of threescore and ten
Above the proof of younger men,
Suppose the mighty DULLMAN led
Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed ;
Suppose, the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great town,
The Drone as fast asleep, as He
Must in the course of Nature be,

Who,

Who, truth for our foundation take,
When up, is never half awake.

There let him sleep, whilst we survey
The preparations for the day,
That day, on which was to be shewn
Court-Pride by *City-Pride* outdone.

The jealous Mother sends away,
As only fit for childish play,
That Daughter, who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her side.

The *Wretch*, of God and man accurs'd,
Of all Hell's instruments the worst,
Draws forth his *pawns*, and for the day
Struts in some Spendthrift's vain array;
Around his aukward doxy shine
The treasures of GOLCONDA's mine,
Each Neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publish'd there.

Garments, well-fav'd (an anecdote
Which we can prove, or would not quote)
Garments well-fav'd, which first were made,
When Taylors, to promote their trade,
Against the *Piñs* in arms arose,
And drove them out, or made them cloaths;
Garments, immortal, without end,
Like Names, and Titles, which descend
Successively from Sire to Son;
Garments, unless some work is done

Of Note, not suffer'd to appear
 'Bove once at most in ev'ry year,
 Were now, in solemn form, laid bare
 To take the benefit of air,
 And, ere they came to be employ'd
 On this Solemnity, to void
 That scent, which RUSSIA's leather gave,
 From vile and impious Moth to save.

Each head was busy, and each heart
 In preparation bore a part.
 Running together all about
 The Servants put each other out,
 Till the grave Master had decreed,
The more haste, ever the worst speed;
Miss, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
 Over a smuggled toilet dos'd,
 The *Waiting-Maid*, whom Story notes
 A very *Scrub* in petticoats,
 Hir'd for one Work, but doing all,
 In slumbers lean'd against the wall;
Milliners, fummon'd from afar,
 Arriv'd in shoals at *Temple-bar*,
 Strictly commanded to import
 Cart-loads of foppery from Court;
 With labour'd visible design
 ART strove to be *superbly* fine,
 NATURE, more pleasing, tho' more wild,
 Taught otherwise her *darling* child,
 And cried, with spirited disdain,
 Be H—— elegant and plain.

Lo!

Lo! from the chambers of the East,
 A welcome prelude to the feast,
 In *saffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
 High in a Car by VULCAN made,
 Who work'd for JOVE himself, each Steed
 High-mettled, of celestial breed,
 Pawing and Pacing all the way,
 AURORA brought the wish'd-for day,
 And held her empire, till outrun
 By that brave jolly groom the SUN.

The Trumpet—hark! it speaks—It swells
 The loud full harmony, It tells
 The time at hand, when DULLMAN, led
 By form, his Citizens must head,
 And march those troops, which at his call
 Were now assembled, to *Guild-Hall*,
 On matters of importance great
 To *Court* and *City*, *Church* and *State*.

From end to end the sound makes way,
 All hear the Signal and obey,
 But DULLMAN, who, his charge forgot,
 By MORPHEUS fetter'd, heard it not;
 Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,
 Hear any Trumpet, but the last.

CRAPE, ever true and trusty known,
 Stole from the Maid's bed to his own,
 Then, in the Spirituals of pride,
 Planted himself at DULLMAN's side.

Thrice did the ever-faithful Slave,
 With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
 And broke death's adamantine chain,
 On DULLMAN call, but call'd in vain ;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
 The THEBAN Boxer curse his trade,
 The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
 And *thrice* fell backward on his bed.
 What could be done? where force hath fail'd,
 Policy often hath prevail'd,
 And what, an inference most plain,
 Had been, CRAPE thought might be again.

Under his pillow (still in mind
 The Proverb kept, *fast bind, fast find*)
 Each blessed night the keys were laid,
 Which CRAPE to draw away assay'd.
 What not the pow'r of voice or arm
 Could do, this did, and broke the charm ;
 Quick started He with stupid stare,
 For all his little Soul was there.

Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
 In Elbow-Chair, and Morning-Gown ;
 Behold him, in his latter bloom,
 Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume ;
 Behold him bending with the weight
 Of Robes, and trumpery of State ;
 Behold him (for the Maxim's true,
 Whate'er we by another do,
 We do ourselves, and Chaplain paid,
 Like slaves, in ev'ry other trade,

Had

Had mutter'd over God knows what,
 Something which he by heart had got)
 Having, as usual, said his pray'rs,
 Go *titter, totter*, to the stairs;
 Behold him for descent prepare,
 With one foot trembling in the air;
 He *starts*, he *pauses* on the brink,
 And, hard to credit, seems to *think*;
 Thro' his whole train (the Chaplain gave
 The proper cue to ev'ry slave)
 At once, as with infection caught,
 Each *started*, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
 He turns, and they turn; big with care,
 He waddles to his Elbow-Chair,
Squats down, and, silent for a season,
 At last with CRAPE begins to reason;
 But first of all he made a sign
 That ev'ry soul, but the *Divine*,
 Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
 He may all confidence repose.

CRAPE—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—
 Before this awful step I take,
 On which my future all depends,
 I ought to know my foes and friends.
 By foes and friends, observe me still,
 I mean not those who well, or ill
 Perhaps may wish me, but those who
 Have't in their pow'r to do it too.
 Now if, attentive to the State,
 In too much hurry to be great,

Or thro' much zeal, a motive, CRAPE,
Deserving praise, into a scrape
I, like a Fool, am got, no doubt,
I, like a Wise Man, should get out.
Not that, remark without replies,
I say that to get out is wise,
Or, by the very self-same rule
That to get in was like a Fool;
The marrow of this argument
Must wholly rest on the event,
And therefore, which is really hard,
Against events too I must guard.

Should things continue as they *stand*,
And BUTE prevail thro' all the land
Without a rival, by his aid,
My fortunes in a trice are made;
Nay, Honours on my zeal may smile,
And stamp me Earl of some great Isle;
But if, a matter of much doubt,
The present Minister goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can stand fairly with the next?
For as my aim at ev'ry hour
Is to be well with those in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I should not, like a blockhead, chuse
To gain *these* so as *those* to lose;
'Tis good in ev'ry case, You know,
To have two strings unto our bow.

As one in wonder lost, CRAPE view'd
His Lord, who thus his speech pursu'd.

This, my good CRAPE, is my grand point,
And, as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point desir'd.
What I would wish to bring about
Cannot admit a moment's doubt,
The matter in dispute, You know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.
That be thy task—The *Rev'rend* Slave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fixt to the ground, and rooted stood,
Just like a man cut out of wood,
Such as we see (without the least
Reflexion glancing on the Priest)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almost in ev'ry Church in town;
He stood some minutes, then, like one
Who wish'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, shook his head,
And thus the man of Sorrow said;

Hard is this task, too hard I swear,
By much too hard for me to bear,
Beyond expression hard my part,
Could mighty DULLMAN see my heart,
When He, alas! makes known a will,
Which CRAPE's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard

To Sense and Honour? could I reach
Thy meaning without help of speech,
At the first motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not said, not what I ought,
But what my earthly Master taught?
Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty strong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did ever Int'rest, to whom Thou
Can'st not with more devotion bow,
Warp my sound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When business call'd aloud for haste,
Torn myself thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,
And had, 'till thy great work was done,
All appetites, as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd
Of Voluntary servitude,
Pursu'd, without or shame or fear,
Thro' the great circle of the Year,
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r,
Commands which baffle all my skill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his slave afford;
This Task, for my poor strength unfit,
Will yield to none but DULLMAN's wit.

With

With such gross incense gratified,
 And turning up the lip of pride,
Poor CRAPE—and shook his empty head—
Poor puzzled CRAPE, wise DULLMAN said,
 Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,
 For things of lower note design'd,
 For things within the vulgar reach,
 To run of errands, and to preach,
 Well hast Thou judg'd, that heads like mine
 Cannot want help from heads like thine;
 Well hast Thou judg'd thyself unmeet
 Of such high argument to treat;
 'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
 And all I said was but a joke.

Nor think a joke, *CRAPE*, a disgrace
 Or to my Person, or my place;
 The wisest of the Sons of Men
 Have deign'd to use them now and then
 The only caution, do You see,
 Demanded by our dignity,
 From common use and men exempt,
 Is that they may not breed contempt.
 Great Use they have, when in the hands
 Of one, like me, who understands,
 Who understands the time, and place,
 The persons, manner, and the grace,
 Which Fools neglect; so that we find,
 If all the requisites are join'd
 From whence a perfect joke must spring,
 A joke's a very serious thing.

But to our business—my design,
Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
To my Capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which, like Broad-Cloth, I can, with ease,
Cut out in any shape I please.

Some, in my circumstance, some few,
Ay, and those men of Genius too,
Good Men, who, without Love or Hate,
Whether they early rise or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit sound,
Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,
By *threadbare* ways and means would try
To bear their point—so will not I.
New methods shall my wisdom find
To suit these matters to my mind,
So that the Infidels at Court,
Who make our City Wits their sport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that DULLMAN bears a brain.

Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends;
Would lend a wife, who, they might swear
Safely, was none the worse for wear;
Would see a Daughter, yet a maid,
Into a Statesman's arms betray'd,
Nay, should the Girl prove coy, nor know
What Daughters to a Father owe,
Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd
Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;

Would

Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
 Properly taught, would vote on t'other;
 Would ev'ry petty band forget;
 To public eye be with *one* set,
 In private with a *second* herd,
 And be by Proxy with a *third*;
 Would (like a *Queen*, of whom I read
 The other day—her name is fled—
 In a book (where, together bound,
 WHITTINGTON and his CAT I found,
 A tale most true, and free from art,
 Which all LORD-MAYORS should have by heart)
 A *Queen* (O might those days begin
 Afresh when Queens would learn to spin)
 Who wrought, and wrought, but, for some plot,
 The cause of which I've now forgot,
 During the Absence of the Sun
 Undid, what She by day had done)
 Whilst they a double visage wear,
 What's sworn by Day, by Night unswear.

Such be their Arts, and such perchance
 May happily their ends advance:
 From a new system *mine* shall spring,
 A LOCUM-TENENS is the thing.
 That's your true Plan—to obligate
 The present Ministers of State,
 My *Shadow* shall our Court approach,
 And bear my pow'r, and have my *coach*,
 My *fine State-Coach*, superb to view,
 A *fine State-Coach*, and paid for too;

To

To curry favour, and the grace.
Obtain, of those who're out of place,
In the mean time *I*—that's to say—
I proper, *I* myself—*here* stay.

But hold—perhaps unto the Nation,
Who hate the Scot's administration,
To lend my Coach may seem to be
Declaring for the Ministry,
For where the City-Coach is, there
Is the true essence of the MAYOR.
Therefore (for wise men are intent
Evils at distance to prevent,
Whilst Fools the evils first endure,
And then are plagu'd to seek a cure)
No *Coach*—a *Horse*—and free from fear
To make our *Deputy* appear,
Fast on his back shall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his side,
Then for a *Horse*—thro' all the land,
To head our solemn City band,
Can any one so fit be found,
As He, who in *Artillery-ground*,
Without a Rider, noble Sight,
Led on our bravest troops to fight.

But first, *CRAPE*, for my Honour's sake,
A tender point, enquiry make
About that *Horse*, if the dispute
Is ended, or is still in suit.
For whilst a cause (observe this plan
Of Justice) whether *Horse* or *Man*

The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determined out and out,
That Pow'r must tyranny appear,
Which should, *Pre-judging*, interfere,
And weak faint Judges over-awe
To bias the free course of Law.

You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, **CRAPE**, You must appear,
Whilst I in privacy sit here;
Here shall great **DULLMAN** sit alone,
Making this Elbow Chair my throne,
And, You performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did.

CRAPE heard, and speeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey;
Not without trouble be assur'd,
A proper Proxy was procur'd
To serve such infamous intent,
And such a Lord to represent,
Nor could one have been found at all
On t'other side of *London-wall*.

The trumpet sounds—solemn and flow
Behold the grand Procession go,
All moving on, Cat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er design'd.

Constables, whom the Laws admit
To keep the Peace by breaking it;

Beadles,

Beadles, who hold the second place
 By virtue of a silver mace,
 Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,
 For use of *Sunday*, out of pawn;
Treasurers, who with empty key
 Secure an empty Treasury;
Church-wardens, who their course pursue
 In the same state, as to their pew
Church-wardens of *Saint Marg'ret* go,
 Since *PIERSON* taught them pride and show,
 Who in short transient pomp appear,
 Like Almanacks chang'd ev'ry year,
 Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
CHARITY carries the *Poor's Box*,
 Not knowing that with private keys
 They ope and shut it when they please,
Overseers, who by frauds ensure
 The heavy curses of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, *Bulls* and *Bears*,
 Like Beasts into the ark, by pairs.

Portentous flaming in the van
 Stalk'd the *Professon* *SHERIDAN*;
 A Man of wire, a mere *Pantine*,
 A downright animal *Machine*.
 He knows alone in proper mode
 How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
 And how to butcher *AMMON's Son*,
 And poor *Jack Dryden* both in one.
 On all occasions next the Chair
 He stands for service of the *MAYOR*,

And

And to instruct him how to use
 His *A's*, and *B's*, and *P's*, and *Q's*.
 O'er *Letters*, into tatters worn,
 O'er *Syllables*, defac'd and torn,
 O'er *Words* disjointed, and o'er *Sense*
 Left destitute of all defence,
 He strides, and all the way he goes,
 Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Criß-Cross-Rows*.
 Before him ev'ry *Consonant*
 In agonies is seen to pant;
 Behind, in forms not to be known,
 The Ghosts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan.

Next HART and DUKE, well worthy grace
 And City favour, came in place.
 No Children can their toils engage,
 Their toils are turn'd to Rev'rend Age.
 When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows
 Resolv'd, is wed to City Spouse,
 Their aid with *Madam's* aid must join
 The aukward Dotard to refine,
 And teach, whence truest glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
 Each bore in hand a Kit, and each
 To shew how fit he was to teach.
 A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,
 Led in a string a *dancing-Bear*.

Since the revival of *Fingal*,
 Custom, and Custom's all in all,
 Commands that we should have regard,
 On all high seasons, to the *Bard*.
 Great Acts like these, by vulgar tongue
 Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.

This

This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
 The high and mighty LOCKMAN came,
 And, ne'er forgot in DULLMAN's reign,
 With proper order to maintain
 The *Uniformity* of Pride,
 Brought *Brother* WHITEHEAD by his side.

On Horse, who proudly paw'd the ground,
 And cast his fiery eyeballs round,
 Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
 As if, for warlike purpose fit,
 His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd
 To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,
 Great DYMCK, in his glorious station,
 Paraded at the Coronation.
 Not so our *City* DYMCK came,
 Heavy, dispirited, and tame,
 No mark of sense, his eyes half-clos'd,
 He on a mighty *Dray-horse* doz'd.
 Fate never could a horse provide
 So fit for such a man to ride,
 Nor find a Man, with strictest care,
 So fit for such a horse to bear.
 Hung round with instruments of death,
 The sight of him would stop the breath
 Of braggart Cowardice, and make
 The very *Court-Drawcanfir* quake.
 With *Durks*, which, in the hands of Spite,
 Do their damn'd business in the Night,
 From *Scotland* sent, but here display'd
 Only to fill up the Parade;

With

With *Swords*, unlesh'd, of maiden hue,
Which Rage or Valour never drew ;
With *Blunderbusses*, taught to ride,
Like *Pocket-Pistols*, by his side,
In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be
A little moving *Armory*.

One thing much wanting to complete
The sight, and make a perfect treat,
Was that the Horse (a Courtesy
In Horses found of high degree)
Instead of going *forward* on,
All the way *backward* should have gone.
Horses, unless they breeding lack,
Some Scruple make to turn their back,
Tho' Riders, which plain Truth declares,
No scruple make of turning theirs.

Far, far apart from all the rest,
Fit only for a standing jest,
The *independent* (can you get
A better suited Epithet)
The *independent* AMYAND came,
All burning with the sacred flame
Of Liberty, which well he knows
On the great stock of slav'ry grows,
Like Sparrow, who, depriv'd of Mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From spray to spray no more will hop,
But sits alone on the House-top,
Or like Himself, when all alone
At Croydon, he was heard to groan,

Lifting

Lifting *both* hands in the defence
 Of Interest, and Common-Sense;
Both hands, for as no other man
 Adopted and pursu'd his plan,
 The *Left*-hand had been lonesome quite,
 If He had not held up the *right*,
 Apart He came, and fix'd his eyes
 With rapture on a distant prize,
 On which in Letters worthy note,
 There, TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS, was wrote.
 False trap, for Credit sapp'd is found
 By getting twenty thousand pound;
 Nay look not thus on Me, and stare,
 Doubting the Certainty—to swear
 In such a case I should be loth—
 But PERRY CUST may take his oath.

In plain and decent garb array'd
 With the prim Quaker, FRAUD, came TRADE;
 CONNIVANCE; to improve the plan,
 Habited like a *Jury-man*,
 Judging as Interest prevails,
 Came next with measures, weights, and scales;
 EXTORTION next, of hellish race,
 A Cub most damn'd, to shew his face
 Forbid by fear, but not by shame,
 Turn'd to a *Jew*, like ——— came;
 CORRUPTION, MIDAS-like, behold
 Turning whate'er She touch'd to gold,
 IMPOTENCE led by LUST, and PRIDE
 Strutting with PONTON by her side,
 HYPOCRISY,

HYPOCRISY, demure and sad,
 In garments of the Priesthood clad,
 So well disguis'd, that You might swear,
 Deceiv'd, a very Priest was there ;
 BANKRUPTCY, full of ease and health,
 And wallowing in *well-fav'd* wealth,
 Came sneering thro' a ruin'd band,
 And bringing B—— in her hand ;
 VICTORY, hanging down her head,
 Was by a highland Stallion led ;
 PEACE, cloath'd in fables, with a face
 Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,
 Which spake a deep and rooted shame
 Both of Herself and of her Name,
 Mourning creeps on, and blushing feels
 WAR, grim WAR treading on her heels ;
Pale CREDIT, shaken by the arts
 Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,
 'Taking no notice of a band
 Which near her were ordain'd to stand,
 Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,
 Look'd wistful all around for PITT.
 FREEDOM — at that most hallow'd name
 My Spirits mount into a flame,
 Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains
 E'en to the cracking ; thro' my veins
 The tides of life more rapid run,
 And tell me I am FREEDOM's Son —
 FREEDOM came next, but scarce was seen,
 When the sky, which appear'd serene
 And gay before, was overcast ;
 Horror bestrode a foreign blast

And

And from the *prison* of the *North*,
To FREEDOM deadly, Storms burst forth.

A *Car* like those, in which, we're told,
Our wild Forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with Death, six Horses bear
Thro' the blank region of the air.
Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame
From their wide Nostrils; ev'ry Steed
Was of that ancient savage breed
Which fell GERYON nurs'd; their food
The flesh of Man, their drink his blood.

On the first Horses, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and sleek, *That* lean and bare,
Came ill-match'd Riders side by side,
And POVERTY was yolk'd with PRIDE:
Union most strange it must appear,
'Till other Unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterness,
With rage, which words can ill express,
With unforgiving rage, which springs
From a false zeal for holy things,
Wearing such robes as Prophets wear,
False Prophets plac'd in PETER's chair,
On which, in Characters of fire,
Shapes Antic, horrible and dire,
Inwoven flam'd, where, to the view,
In groups appear'd a rabble crew
Of Sainted Devils, where all round
Vile *Reliques* of vile men were found, Who,

Who, worse than Devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of Hell on earth,
Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,
Pointing at *axes, wheels, and ropes,*
And *Engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the destroyer, Man,
Could, to promote his selfish views,
Have heads to make, or hearts to use,
Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,
In her left-hand a *Crucifix*,
Remembrance of Our dying Lord,
And in her right a *two-edg'd sword*;
Having her brows, in impious sport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
On earth PEACE, amongst men, GOOD WILL,
LOVE bearing, and forbearing still,
All wrote in the *heart's-blood* of those
Who rather Death than Falshood chose;
On her breast (where, in days of Yore,
When God lov'd *Jews*, the HIGH-PRIEST wore
Those Oracles, which were decreed
T'instruct and guide the chosen seed)
Having, with glory clad and strength,
The VIRGIN pictur'd at *full length*,
Whilst at her feet, in *small* pourtray'd,
As scarce worth notice, CHRIST was laid,
Came SUPERSTITION, fierce and fell,
An Imp detested, e'en in hell;
Her Eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
Foully besmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled *Saints* She rode;
Fast at her heels DEATH proudly strode,

And

And grimly smil'd, well pleas'd to see
 Such havock of mortality.
 Close by her side, on mischief bent,
 And urging on each bad intent
 To its full bearing, Savage, Wild,
 The Mother fit of such a child,
 Striving the empire to advance
 Of Sin and Death, came IGNORANCE.

With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
 And Sov'reign Pow'r by Pride disgrac'd,
 Where, loudly witnessing a mind
 Of savage more than human kind,
 Not chusing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
 Mocking at right, MISRULE appear'd,
 With Eyeballs glaring fiery red
 Enough to strike beholders dead,
 Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
 Pouring corruption forth and blood
 From his chaf'd jaws; without remorse
 Whipping, and spurring on his horse,
 Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,
 E'en to the bone were open laid,
 Came TYRANNY; disdain'g awe,
 And trampling over *Sense* and *Law*.
 One thing and only one He knew,
 One object only would pursue,
 Tho' Less (so low doth Passion bring)
 Than man, he would be more than King.

With ev'ry argument and art,
 Which might corrupt the head and heart,

Soothing

Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
 Companion meet, was FLATT'RY join'd.
 Winning his carriage, ev'ry look;
 Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook;
 When simple most, most to be fear'd;
 Most crafty, when no craft appear'd;
 His tales, no man like him could tell;
 His words, which melted as they fell,
 Might e'en a Hypocrite deceive,
 And make an infidel believe,
 Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
 Those who had cheated been before:
 Such FLATT'RY came in evil hour,
 Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
 And, grown by *Prostitution* great,
 Would be first Minister of State.

Within the Chariot, all alone,
 High seated on a kind of throne,
 With pebbles grac'd a Figure came,
 Whom Justice would, but dare not, name.
 Hard times when Justice, without fear,
 Dare not bring forth to public ear
 'The names of those, who dare offend
 'Gainst Justice, and pervert her end;
 But, if the Muse afford me grace,
 Description shall supply the place.

In *foreign* garments he was clad,
 Sage Ermine o'er the glossy *Plaid*
 Cast rev'rend honour, on his heart,
 Wrought by the curious hand of Art,

In

In silver wrought, and brighter far
 Than heav'nly or than earthly Star,
 Shone a *White Rose*, the Emblem dear
 Of him He ever must revere,
 Of that dread Lord, who, with his host
 Of faithful native rebels lost,
 Like those black Spirits doom'd to hell,
 At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
 Around his clouded brows was plac'd
 A *Bonnet*, most superbly grac'd
 With mighty *Tbistles*, nor forgot
 The sacred motto, *Touch me not*.

In the right-hand a sword He bore
 Harder than Adamant, and more
 Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
 Of the rough North invade the South;
 The reeking blade to view presents
 The blood of helpless Innocents,
 And on the hilt, as meek become
 As Lambs before the Shearers dumb,
 With downcast eye, and solemn shew
 Of deep unutterable woe,
 Mourning the time when FREEDOM reign'd
 Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.

In his left-hand, in wax imprest,
 With bells and gewgaws idly drest,
 An *Image*, cast in baby mould,
 He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.
 On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
 Bowing he gave the loyal kiss,

And,

And, for Rebellion fully ripe,
 Seem'd to desire the ANTITYPE.
 What if to that Pretender's foes
 His greatness, nay, his life he owes,
 Shall common obligations bind,
 And shake his constancy of mind?
 Scorning such weak and petty chains,
 Faithful to JAMES he still remains,
 'Tho' he the friend of GEORGE appear;
Diffimulation's Virtue here.

Jealous and Mean, he with a frown
 Would awe, and keep all merit down,
 Nor would to Truth and Justice bend,
 Unless out-bullied by his friend;
 Brave with the Coward, with the brave
 He is himself a Coward slave;
 Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
 To take a great and open part;
 Mines in a subtle train he springs,
 And, secret, saps the ears of Kings;
 But not e'en there continues firm
 'Gainst the resistance of a worm;
 Born in a Country, where the will
 Of One is Law to all, he still
 Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
 To spread it wheresoe'er he came;
 Freedom he hated, Law defied,
 The Prostitute of Pow'r and Pride;
 Law he with ease explains away,
 And leads bewilder'd Sense astray;

Much to the credit of his brain
 Puzzles the cause he can't maintain,
 Proceeds on most familiar grounds,
 And, where he can't convince, confounds;
 Talents of rarest stamp and size,
 To Nature false, he misapplies,
 And turns to poison what was sent
 For purposes of nourishment.

Paleness, not such as on his wings
 The Messenger of Sickness brings,
 But such as takes its coward rise
 From conscious baseness, conscious vice,
 O'erspread his cheeks; *Disdain* and *Pride*,
 To upstart Fortunes ever tied,
 Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
 Insidious, lurking like a spy
 To Caution principled by Fear,
 Not daring open to appear,
 Lodg'd covert *Mischief*; *Passion* hung
 On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breast
 All that makes Villain found a nest.
 All that, on hell's completest plan,
 E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.

Soon as the Car reach'd land, He rose,
 And with a look which might have froze
 The heart's best blood, which was enough
 Had hearts been made of sterner stuff
 In Cities than elsewhere, to make
 The very stoutest quail, and quake,

He

He cast his baleful eyes around;
 Fix'd without motion to the ground,
 Fear waiting on surprize, All stood,
 And Horror chill'd their curdled blood.
 No more they thought of *Pomp*, no more
 (For they had seen his face before)
 Of *Law* they thought ; the cause forgot,
 Whether it was or Ghost, or Plot,
 Which drew them there, They All stood more
 Like Statues than they were before.

What could be done ? Could Art, could Force,
 Or Both direct a proper course
 To make this savage Monster tame,
 Or send him back the way he came ?
 What neither Art nor Force, nor Both
 Could do, a *Lord* of foreign growth,
 A *Lord* to that base wretch allied
 In Country, not in Vice and Pride,
 Effected ; from the self-same land,
 (Bad news for our blaspheming band
 Of Scribblers, but deserving note)
 The Poison came, and Antidote.
 Abash'd the Monster hung his head,
 And, like an empty Vision, fled ;
 His Train, like Virgin Snows which run,
 Kiss'd by the burning bawdy Sun,
 To lovesick streams, dissolv'd in Air ;
 Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,
 Came smiling, freed from slavish awe ;
 LOYALTY, LIBERTY, and LAW,

Impatient of the galling chain,
 And Yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;
 And, burning with the glorious flame
 Of Public Virtue, MANSFIELD came.

THE

T H E

CONFERENCE.

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CONFERENCE.

GRACE said in form, which Sceptics must agree,
 When they are told that Grace was said by Me;
 The Servants gone, to break the scurvy jest
 On the proud Landlord, and his thread-bare guest;
 The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn,
 My Lord, in usual taste, began to yawn,
 And lolling backward in his Elbow chair,
 With an insipid kind of stupid stare,
 Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—
CHURCHILL, You have a Poem coming out.
 You've my best wishes ; but I really fear
 Your Muse in general is too severe,
 Her Spirit seems her int'rest to oppose,
 And, where She makes one friend, makes twenty foes.

C. Your Lordship's fears are just, I feel their force
 But only feel it as a thing of course.
 The Man, whose hardy Spirit shall engage
 To lash the vices of a guilty age,
 At his first setting forward ought to know,
 That every rogue he meets must be his foe,
 That the rude breath of Satire will provoke
 Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.
 But shall the partial rage of selfish men
 From stubborn Justice wrench the righteous pen,

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Or shall I not my settled course pursue,
Because my foes, are foes to Virtue too?

L. What is this boasted Virtue, taught in Schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her Use? point out one wholesome end;
Will She hurt foes, or can She make a Friend?
When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this same Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
Can She the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great Man's board?
When Northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling Dun
Barely by saying, thou art Virtue's Son?
Or by base blund'ring Statesmen sent to jail,
Will MANSFIELD take this Virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not, the Name is in disgrace,
Virtue and TEMPLE now are out of place.

Quit then this Meteor whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True Virtue means, let Reason use her eyes,
Nothing with Fools, and interest with the Wise.
Would'st Thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go?
To be Successful try thy utmost force,
And Virtue follows as a thing of course.

HIRCO,

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HIRCO, who knows not HIRCO, stains the bed
 Of that kind Master who first gave him bread,
 Scatters the seeds of discord thro' the land,
 Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
 Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,
 Betrays a Brother, and would cheat a Son :
 What mortal in his senses can endure
 The name of HIRCO, for the wretch is poor ?
 " Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill rot,
 " By all detested live, and die forgot ;
 " Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
 " Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in
 Is now the gen'ral cry we all pursue ; [death,"
 Let FORTUNE change, and PRUDENCE changes
 Supple and pliant a new system feels, [too,
 Throws up her Cap, and spaniels at his heels,
 Long live great HIRCO, cries, by int'rest taught,
 And let his foes, tho' I prove one, be nought.

C. Peace to such Men, if such Men can have peace
 Let their Possessions, let their State increase,
 Let their base services in Courts strike root,
 And in the season bring forth golden fruit,
 I envy not ; let those who have the will,
 And, with so little Spirit, so much skill,
 With such vile instruments their fortunes carve ;
 Rogues may grow fat, an Honest man dares starve.

L. These stale conceits thrown off, let us advance
 For once to real life, and quit Romance.
 Starve ! pretty talking ! but I fain would view
 That man, that honest man would do it too.

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Hence to Yon Mountain which outbraves the sky,
And dart from pole to pole thy strengthen'd eye,
Thro' all that space You shall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on such a plan.
Cowards in calms will say, what in a storm
The Brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the Proof, and, spite of all You've said,
You'd give Your Honour for a crust of bread.

[effect,

C. What Proof might do, what Hunger might
What famish'd nature, looking with neglect
On all She once held dear, what Fear, at strife
With fainting Virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to Fate, I neither know nor care,

Once, at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which not Prosperity nor Time can heal,
Those wounds, which Fate severely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, must for ever bleed,
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings such mighty aid to Virtue's plan;
Once, aw'd by Fortunes most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My Credit at last gasp, my State undone,
'Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and blank despair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the storm, my Spirits fail'd,
Like PETER's Faith, 'till One, a Friend indeed,
May all distress find such in time of need,

One

One kind good Man, in act, in word, in thought,
 By virtue guided, and by Wisdom taught,
 Image of him whom Christians should adore,
 Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to
 [shore.

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
 And for some little merit largely prais'd,
 Indulg'd in swerving from Prudential rules,
 Hated by Rogues, and not belov'd by Fools,
 Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth,
 So fiercely war 'gainst my Soul's dearest health,
 That as a boon, I should base shackles crave,
 And, born to freedom, make myself a slave;
 That I should in the train of those appear,
 Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear?

That I no longer skulk from street to street,
 Afraid lest Duns assail, and Bailiffs meet;
 That I from place to place this carcase bear,
 Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
 That I no longer dread the aukward friend,
 Whose very obligations must offend,
 Nor, all too froward, with impatience burn
 At suffering favours which I can't return;
 That, from dependance and from pride secure,
 I am not plac'd so high to scorn the poor,
 Nor yet so low, that I my Lord should fear,
 Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer;
 That, whilst sage Prudence my pursuits confirms,
 I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
 That, kind to others, to myself most true,
 Feeling no want, I comfort those who do,

And

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And with the will have pow'r to aid distress ;
 These, and what other blessings I possess,
 From the indulgence of the PUBLIC rise ;
 All private Patronage my Soul defies.
 By Candour more inclin'd to save than damn,
 A gen'rous PUBLIC made me what I Am.
 All that I have, They gave ; just Mem'ry bears,
 The grateful stamp, and what I am is Theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for freedom's cause,
 To mouthe aloud for liberties and laws,
 For Public good to bellow all abroad,
 Serves well the purposes of private fraud,
 Prudence, by Public good intends her own ;
 If You mean otherwise, You stand alone.
 What do we mean by Country and by Court,
 What is it to Oppose, what to Support ?
 Mere words of course, and what is more absurd
 Than to pay homage to an empty word !
 MAJORS and MINORS differ but in name,
 Patriots and Ministers are much the same ;
 The only diff'rence, after all their rout,
 Is that the One is *in*, the Other *out*.

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
 In the Soul's honest volume read mankind,
 And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
 The same grand leading Principle in All.
 Whate'er we talk of wisdom to the wise,
 Of goodness to the good, of public ties
 Which to our country link, of private bands
 Which claim most dear attention at our hands.

For

For Parent and for Child, for Wife and Friend,
 Our first great Mover, and our last great End,
 Is One, and, by whatever name we call
 The ruling Tyrant, SELF is All in All.
 This, which unwilling Faction shall admit,
 Guided indiff'rent ways a BUTE and PITT,
 Made Tyrants break, made Kings observe the law,
 And gave the world a STUART and NASSAU.

Hath Nature (strange and wild conceit of Pride)
 Distinguish'd thee from all her sons beside ?
 Doth Virtue in thy bosom brighter glow,
 Or from a Spring more pure doth Action flow ?
 Is not thy Soul bound with those very chains
 Which shackle us, or is that SELF, which reigns
 O'er Kings and Beggars, which in all we see
 Most strong and sov'reign, only weak in Thee ?
 Fond man, believe it not ; Experience tells
 'Tis not thy Virtue, but thy Pride rebels.
 Think, and for once lay by thy lawless pen ;
 Think, and confess thyself like other men ;
 Think but one hour, and to thy Conscience led
 By Reason's hand, bow down and hang thy head ;
 Think on thy private life, recal thy Youth,
 View thyself now, and own with strictest truth,
 That SELF hath drawn Thee from fair Virtue's way
 Farther than Folly would have dar'd to stray,
 And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave
 To make thee free, have made thee more a slave.

Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
 Of toys, which have so long abus'd thy brain,
 And

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And captive led thy pow'rs ; with boundless will
 Let SELF maintain her state and empire still,
 But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
 Strain all the faculties and force of thought
 To things of higher daring ; let her range
 Thro' better pastures, and learn how to change ;
 Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
 Wisely revolt, and join our stronger side.

C. Ah ! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
 With things of public Nature ? why to view
 Would You thus cruelly those scenes unfold,
 Which, without pain and horror to behold,
 Must speak me something more, or less than¹man ?
 Which Friends may pardon, but I never can ?
 Look back ! a Thought which borders on despair,
 Which human Nature must, yet cannot bear.
 'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
 Where Praise and Censure are at random hur'd,
 Which can the meanest of my thoughts controul,
 Or shake one settled purpose of my Soul.
 Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
 If, All, if All alas ! were well at home.
 No—'tis the tale which angry Conscience tells,
 When She with more than tragic horror swells
 Each circumstance of guilt ; when stern, but true,
 She brings bad actions forth into review ;
 And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
 Bids late Remorse awake at Reason's call,
 Arm'd at all points bids Scorpion Vengeance pass,
 And to the mind holds up Reflection's glass,

The

THE CONFERENCE. 119

The mind, which starting, heaves the heart-felt
groan,
And hates that form She knows to be her own.

Enough of this—let private sorrows rest—
As to the Public I dare stand the test ;
Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above
The good of ENGLAND, and my Country's love.
Stranger to Party-rage, by Reason's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
No, nor of hell shall make me change my mind.
What ! herd with men my honest soul disdains,
Men who, with servile zeal, are forging chains
For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand,
To spread destruction o'er my native land.
What ! shall I not, e'en to my latest breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,
Exert that little strength which Nature gave,
And boldly stem, or perish in the wave ?

L. When I look backward for some fifty years,
And see Protesting Patriots turn to Peers ;
Hear men, most loose, for decency declaim,
And talk of Character, without a name ;
See Infidels assert the cause of God,
And meek Divines wield persecution's rod ;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
See WHITEHEAD take a place, RALPH change his
I mock the zeal, and deem the Men in sport, [pen,
Who rail at Ministers, and curse a Court.
Thee, haughty as Thou art, and proud in rhyme,
Shall some Preferment, offer'd at a time

When

120 THE CONFERENCE.

When Virtue sleeps, some Sacrifice to Pride,
Or some fair Victim, move to change thy side.
Thee shall these eyes behold, to health restor'd,
Using, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's sword,
Galling thy present friends, and praising those,
Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greatest foes.

C. May I, (can worse disgrace on manhood fall ?)
Be born a WHITEHEAD, and baptiz'd a PAUL ;
May I (tho' to his service deeply tied
By sacred oaths, and now by will allied)
With false feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And use his name for some base private end ;
May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my sick Spirits, and unmans my soul)
Ruin the Virtue which I held most dear,
And still must hold ; may I, thro' abject fear,
Betray my Friend ; may to succeeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of Adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilst mark'd with envious
blot,

Each little act of Virtue is forgot ;
Of all those evils, which, to stamp men curs'd,
Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the worst
Light on my head, and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
May I be scorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a Hell in my own mind,
Or be to SCOTLAND for my life confin'd,
• If I am one amongst the many known,
Whom SHELBURNE fled, and CALCRAFT blush'd
to own. L. Do

THE CONFERENCE. 121

L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?

C. I do, and that's the reason I oppose.

Friends I have made, whom Envy must commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wish a friend.
What if ten thousand BUTES and FOXES bawl,
One WILKES hath made a large amends for all:

'Tis not the Title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious streams on recent men, who came
From stems unknown, and fires without a name;
'Tis not the STAR, which our great EDWARD gave
To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilst a base heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and sin;
'Tis not the tinsel grandeur, taught to wait,
At custom's call, to mark a fool of State
From fools of lesser note, that Soul can awe
Whose Pride is Reason, whose Defence is Law.

L. Suppose (a Thing scarce possible in Art,
Were it thy Cue to play a common Part;)
Suppose thy Writings so well fenc'd in Law,
That N—— cannot find, nor make a Flaw,
Hast thou not heard, that 'mongst our ancient Tribes
By Party warpt, or lull'd asleep by Bribes,
Or trembling at the Ruffian Hand of Force,
Law hath suspended stood, or chang'd its Course?
Art Thou assur'd, that, for Destruction ripe,
Thou may'st not smart beneath the self-same Gripe?
What

What Sanction hast Thou, frantic in thy Rhimes,
Thy Life, thy Freedom to secure?

C. The Times.

'Tis not on Law, a System great and good,
By Wisdom penn'd, and bought by noblest Blood,
My Faith relies: By wicked Men and vain,
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—
No, on our great Law-giver I depend,
Who knows and guides them to their proper End;
Whose Royalty of Nature blazes out
So fierce, 'twere Sin to entertain a doubt—
Did Tyrant STUARTS now the Laws dispense
(Blest be the hour and hand which sent them hence)
For something, or for nothing, for a Word,
Or Thought, I might be doom'd to Death, *unheard*.
Life we might all resign to lawless Pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour;
But Envy ne'er shall fix so foul a stain
On the fair annals of a BRUNSWICK's reign.

If Slave to Party, to Revenge, or Pride,
If, by frail human Error drawn aside,
I break the Law; strict rigour let Her wear;
'Tis Her's to punish, and 'tis mine to bear,
Nor, by the voice of Justice doom'd to death,
Would I ask mercy with my latest breath.
But, anxious only for my Country's good,
In which my King's, of course, is understood;
Form'd on a plan with some few Patriot friends,
Whilst by just means I aim at noblest ends,

My

My Spirits cannot sink ; tho' from the tomb
Stern JEFRIES should be plac'd in MANSFIELD'S
room,

Tho' he should bring, his base designs to aid,
Some *black Attorney*, for his purpose made,
And shove, whilst Decency and Law retreat,
The modest NORTON from his Maiden seat,
Tho' both, in ill Confed'r aces, should agree,
In damned league, to torture Law and Me,
Whilst GEORGE is King, I cannot fear endure ;
Not to be guilty, is to be secure.

But when in after-times (be far remov'd
That day) our Monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his Fathers, should imperious Fate
In vengeance with fresh STUARTS curse our state ;
Should They, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of Law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe ;
Should They, by brutal and oppressive force,
Divert sweet Justice from her even course ;
Should They, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witness 'gainst my left ;
Should They, abroad by Inquisitions taught,
Search out my Soul, and damn me for a thought,
Still would I keep my course, still speak, still write,
'Till Death had plung'd me in the shades of Night.

Thou God of *Truth*, Thou great, all-searching
Eye,

To whom our Thoughts, our Spirits open lie,
Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when Law submits to Pow'r,
With

124 THE CONFERENCE.

With firm resolves my steady bosom steel,
Bravely to suffer, tho' I deeply feel.

Let Me, as hitherto, still draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death,
And, if Oppression brings me to the grave,
And marks him dead, She ne'er shall mark a slave,
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unseemly word ;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won't forgive that Friend who drops one tear.
Whether He's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe He falls, on Nature's noblest plan,
Who lives to Reason, and who dies a Man.

The Author.

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AUTHOR.

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THE AUTHOR.

ACCURS'D the man, whom fate ordains,
in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to Read and Write!
What need of letters? Wherefore should we spell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well.

Much are the precious hours of youth mispent,
In climbing Learning's rugged steep ascent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the *vale of Ignorance* below,
FOLLY and VICE to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown,
To praise each senior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail,
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whose merit's his Place;

VICE

VICE CHANCELLORS, whose knowledge is but
small,

And CHANCELLORS, who nothing know at all,
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous Spirit, in those days
When Learning was the certain road to praise,
When Nobles, with a love of Science blest'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd.

But *Now*, when DULLNESS rears aloft her throne,
When LORDLY Vassals her wide Empire own,
When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What *Now* should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread;
To bear those labours, which our Fathers bore
That Crown with-held, which They in triumph
wore?

When with much pains this boasted Learning's
'Tis an affront to those who have it not. [got,
In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our Foes to rail, our Friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool,
Forgets the little which he learn'd at School;
The Elder Brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all Science with an Eye of Scorn;
Dependent Brethren the same features wear,
And younger Sons are stupid as the Heir.
In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,
Genius is vile, and Learning out of date.
Is this—O Death to think! is this the Land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,
Where

Where Heroes, Parent-like, the Poet view'd ?
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd ;
Where Poets, true to Honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their Patrons sanctify'd their praise ?
Is this the Land, where, on our SPENCER's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung ;
Where JOHNSON rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilst Reason thro' her Critic fences smil'd ;
Where NATURE list'ning stood, whilst SHAKE-
SPEARE play'd,
And wonder'd at the Work herself had made ?
Is this the Land, where, mindful of her charge
And Office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large
Where, finding in our Laws, a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of Sense ;
Where, health and honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide ;
Pointed the Way Affliction to beguile,
And bade the Face of Sorrow wear a smile,
Bade those, who dare obey the generous call,
Enjoy her blessings, which GOD meant for all ?
Is this the Land, where in some Tyrant's reign,
When a *weak, wicked Ministerial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their Country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd
Those wretches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,
Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws ;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the Virtue of a foe ;
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread,

Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd
 And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
 The scourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
 Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;
 Is this the Land, where, in those worst of times
 The hardy Poet rais'd his honest rhimes
 To dread rebuke, and bade controulment speak
 In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek,
 Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
 And made them fear the Muse, who fear'd not Law?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow souls,
 Whom folly guides and prejudice controuls;
 Who, one dull drowsy track of business trod,
 Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;
 Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
 Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
 Who, form'd to dullness from their very youth,
 Lies of the day prefer to Gospel truth,
 Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
 And lay out all their stock of faith in news:
 How do I laugh, when Creatures, form'd like these,
 Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
 Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
 And hold not Truth, as Truth, if told in rhyme?

How do I laugh, when PUBLIUS, hoary grown
 In zeal for SCOTLAND'S welfare, and his own,
 By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
 In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
 Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
 To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
 Erring by form, which Blockheads sacred hold,
 Ne'er making new faults; and ne'er mending old,
 Rebukes

Rebukes my Spirit, bids the daring Muse
 Subjects more equal to her weakness chuse ;
 Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
 Nor dare to traffick in ambitious strains ;
 Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
 In quaint-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim,
 Along the Church-way path complain with GRAY
 Or dance with MASON on the first of May ?
 “ All sacred is the name and pow’r of Kings,
 “ All States and Statesmen are those mighty Things
 “ Which, howsoe’er they out of course may roll,
 “ Were never made for Poets to controul.”

Peace, Peace, thou Dotard, nor thus vilely deem
 Of Sacred Numbers, and their pow’r blaspheme ;
 I tell thee, Wretch, search all Creation round,
 In Earth, in Heav’n, no Subject can be found
 (Our God alone except) above whose weight
 The Poet cannot rise, and hold his State.
 The blessed Saints above in numbers speak
 The praise of God, tho’ there all praise is weak ;
 In Numbers here below the Bard shall teach,
 Virtue to soar beyond the Villain’s reach ;
 Shall tear his lab’ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,
 And raise his voice beyond the trumpet’s note,
 Should an afflicted Country, aw’d by men
 Of slavish principles, demand his pen.
 This is a great, a glorious point of view,
 Fit for an English Poet to pursue,
 Undaunted to pursue, tho’ in return,
 His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac’d
 Above their Betters, and by rank disgrac’d,

Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
 And mean themselves, are of their Fathers vain,
 Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
 And treat a Poet like a Creditor,
 The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
 And curse the storm they know must break on them?
 "What, shall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
 "Without one badge of merit, but his own,
 "Great Nobles lash, and *Lords*, like common men,
 "Smart from the vengeance of a Scribbler's pen?"

What's in this name of *Lord*, that we should fear
 To bring their vices to the public ear?
 Flows not the honest blood of humble swains,
 Quick as the tide which swells a Monarch's veins?
 Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
 Cannot make Virtues in succession flow.
 Would'd Thou, Proud Man, be safely plac'd above
 The censure of the Muse, deserve her Love,
 Act as thy Birth demands, as Nobles ought;
 Look back, and by thy worthy Father taught,
 Who *earn'd* those Honours, Thou wert *born* to wear
 Follow his steps, and be his Virtue's heir.
 But if, regardless of the road to Fame,
 You start aside, and tread the paths of shame,
 If such thy life, that should thy Sire arise,
 The sight of such a Son would blast his eyes,
 Would make him curse the hour which gave Thee
 birth, [earth,
 Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of
 Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead
 In endless night to hide his rev'rend head;

If

If such thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more,
 Than ever King a scoundrel made before,
 Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
 Tho' God in vengeance had made Thee a King,
 Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
 The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
 Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
 To the keen question of the searching air.

Gods ! with what pride I see the titled slave,
 Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
 Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art
 Striving to hide the feelings of his heart !
 How do I laugh, when, with affected air,
 (Scarce able thro' despite to keep his chair,
 Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
 And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
 He talks of Conscience, which good men secures
 From all those evil moments guilt endures,
 And seems to laugh at those, who pay regard
 To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.

" SATIRE, whilst envy and ill-humour sway
 " The mind of man, must always make her way,
 " Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,
 " Is all her malice worth a single thought.
 " The wise have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r
 " To stop her headstrong course ; within the hour,
 " Left to herself, she dies ; opposing Strife,
 " Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.
 " All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
 " I can no patent for exemption claim,

" Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
 " Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart.
 " Tho' pointed at myself, be SATIRE free;
 " To Her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to Me."

Dissembling Wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
 And there amongst thy brethren play the fool,
 There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach;
 Lives there a Man, whom SATIRE cannot reach?
 Lives there a Man, who calmly can stand by,
 And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
 When SATIRE flies abroad on Falshood's wing,
 Short is her life indeed, and dull her sting;
 But when to Truth allied, the wound she gives
 Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
 When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
 And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
 Still shalt Thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
 Live in her page, and stink to after times.

Hast Thou no feeling yet? Come, throw off pride,
 And own those passions which Thou shalt not hide.
 S——, who, from the moment of his birth,
 Made human Nature a reproach on earth,
 Who never dar'd, nor wish'd behind to stay,
 When Folly, Vice, and Meanness led the way,
 Would blush, should he be told, by Truth and Wit,
 Those actions, which he blush'd not to commit;
 Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
 Add those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

But

But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
 Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course,
 Carries me back to times, when Poets, blest'd
 With courage, grac'd the Science they profess'd;
 When They, in Honour rooted, firmly stood
 The bad to punish, and reward the good;
 When, to a flame by Public Virtue wrought,
 The foes of Freedom They to justice brought,
 And dar'd expose those slaves, who dar'd support
 A Tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court.
 Ah! What are Poets now? as slavish those
 Who deal in Verse, as those who deal in Prose.
 Is there an Author, search the Kingdom round,
 In whom true worth, and real spirit's found?
 The Slaves of Booksellers, or (doom'd by Fate
 To baser chains) vile pensioners of State;
 Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
 Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud,
 Others, *half-palsied* only, mutes become, [dumb.
 And what makes SMOLLET write, makes JOHNSON
 Why turns yon villain pale? why bends his eye
 Inward, abash'd, when MURPHY passes by?
 Dost Thou sage MURPHY for a blockhead take?
 Who wages war with vice for Virtue's sake?
 No, No—like other *Worldlings*, you will find
 He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind,
 His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure,
 Give him a pension then, and sin secure.

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
 Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,

Bid Cowards thrive, put honesty to flight,
 MURPHY shall prove, or try to prove it right.
 Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
 Ranfack the inmost closet of my heart, [way
 Swear Thou'rt my Friend ; by that base oath make
 Into my breast, and flatter to betray ;
 Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt
 Detects the fraud, and points the Villain out,
 Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
 And make them take my life who eat my bread ;
 On Authors for defence, for praise depend ;
 Pay him but well, and MURPHY is thy friend.
 He, He shall ready stand with venal rhimes
 To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes,
 To make corruption in false colours shine,
 And damn his own good name, to rescue thine.

But if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,
 And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
 Expect no mercy ; facts, well grounded, teach,
 MURPHY, if not rewarded, will impeach.
 What tho' each man of nice and juster thought,
 Shunning his steps, decrees, by Honour taught,
 He ne'er can be a Friend, who stoops so low
 To be the base betrayer of a foe ;
 What tho' with thine together link'd, his name
 Must be with thine transmitted down to shame,
 To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
 Rather than not blast thine, he'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain, whence Sedition springs,
 To slander Government, and libel Kings,

With

With Freedom's name to serve a present hour,
 Tho' born, and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
 To talk of WILLIAM with insidious art,
 Whilst a vile STUART's lurking in his heart,
 And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
 Flatt'ring the living, to abuse the dead,
 Where is SHEBBEARE? O, let not foul reproach,
 Travelling thither in a City-Coach,
 The Pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
 Of that Parade was Fame, not Punishment,
 And that old, staunch Whig BEARDMORE standing
 by,
 Can in full Court give that report the lye.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
 Half *Scotch*, half *English*, a declining Court,
 To make most glaring contraries unite,
 And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white,
 To make firm Honour tamely league with shame,
 Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name,
 To prove that Chains and Freedom are but one,
 That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,
 Is there not GUTHRIE? Who, like him, can call
 All Opposites to proof, and conquer all?
 He calls forth living waters from the rock;
 He calls forth children from the barren stock;
 He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,
 Makes Women bring forth after they are dead;
 He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
 In *Wedlock's* sacred bands joins Man to Man;
 And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,
 By some rare magic, makes them fruitful too,

Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years,
Flows the rich blood of GUTHRIE's *English Peers*.

Dost Thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
Something which Nature shudders but to name,
Something which makes the Soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her seat?
Dost Thou contrive, for some base private end,
Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promise life, to work him surer death?
Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and TYBURN in his face;
Behold, a Parson at thy Elbow stands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The Atheist Chaplain of an Atheist Lord.

Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I should learn to read;
'Tho' that was nothing, for my Friends, who knew
What mighty Dullness of itself could do,
Never design'd me for a working Priest,
But hop'd, I should have been a DEAN at least;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the service of my pen), [lawn
Condemn'd (whilst proud, and pamper'd Sons of
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of *rev'rend begg'ry* to appear,
To pray, and starve on forty pounds a year;
My Friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forsook the Packhorse road,

Whilst

Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears
In throwing off that gown, which FRANCIS wears.

What Creature's that, so very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery, and whim;
So gentle, yet so brisk; so wond'rous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a Lady's feet.
Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his Garb appears a man of God?
Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
The villain lurks beneath the *cassock'd* Beau;
That's an Informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from SODOM came.

His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And Fear alone restrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no Monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.
Attend his Church—his plan of doctrine view—
The Preacher is a Christian, dull but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
CHRIST is laid by neglected on the shelf,
And the vile Priest is Gospel to himself.

By CLELAND tutor'd, and with BLACOO bred,
(BLACOO, whom by a brave resentment led,
OXFORD,

OXFORD, if OXFORD had not sunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlasting shame)
Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To Virtue lost, to Vice alone he wakes,
Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
And, whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemes.

Are these the Arts, which Policy supplies?
Are these the steps, by which grave Churchmen
rise?

Forbid it, Heav'n; or, should it turn out so,
Let Me, and Mine, continue mean and low.
Such be their Arts, whom Interest controuls;
KIDGELL and I have free and honest souls.
We scorn Preferment which is gain'd by Sin,
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

THE

T H E

D U E L L I S T .

DUEL 121

T H E
D U E L L I S T.
B O O K I.

THE Clock struck twelve, o'er half the globe
 Darkneſs had ſpread her pitchy robe;
 MORPHEUS, his feet with velvet ſhod,
 Treading as if in fear he trod,
 Gentle as dews at Even-tide,
 Diſtill'd his poppies far and wide.

AMBITION, who, when waking, dreams
 Of mighty, but phantaſtic, ſchemes;
 Who, when aſleep, ne'er knows that reſt
 With which the humbler ſoul is bleſt,
 Was building caſtles in the air,
 Goodly to look upon, and fair,
 But, on a bad foundation laid,
 Doom'd at return of Morn to fade.

Pale STUDY, by the taper's light,
 Wearing away the watch of night,
 Sat reading, but, with o'ercharg'd head,
 Remember'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midſt plenty, with a face
 Which might the Court of Famine grace,
Ragged,

Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Grey AV'RICE nodded o'er his gold.

JEALOUSY, his quick Eye half-clos'd,
 With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd,
 And, mean distrust not quite forgot,
 Slumber'd as if he slumber'd not.

Stretch'd at his length, on the bare ground,
 His hardy offspring sleeping round,
 Snor'd *refless* *LABOUR*; by his side
 Lay Health, a coarse, but comely Bride.

VIRTUE, without the Doctor's aid,
 In the soft arms of sleep was laid,
 Whilst *VICE*, within the guilty breast,
 Could not be physic'd into rest.

Thou bloody Man! whose ruffian knife
 Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,
 And never scruples to descend
 Into the bosom of a friend,
 A firm, fast friend, by vice allied
 And to thy *secret* service tied,
 In whom ten Murders breed no awe,
 If properly secur'd from law;
Thou Man of Lust! whom passion fires
 To foulest deeds, whose hot desires
 O'er honest bars with ease make way,
 Whilst *Idiot* Beauty falls a prey,
 And, to indulge thy brutal flame,
 A *LUCRECE* must be brought to shame.

Who

Who dost, a brave, bold Sinner, bear
 Rank incest to the open air,
 And rapes, full-blown upon thy crown,
 Enough to weigh a nation down;
Tbou Simular of Lust! vain man,
 Whose restless thoughts still form the plan
 Of guilt, which, wither'd to the root,
 Thy lifeless nerves can't execute,
 Whilst, in thy marrowless, dry bones,
 Desire without Enjoyment groans;
Tbou Perjur'd Wretch! whom Falshood cloaths
 E'en like a garment, who with oaths
 Dost trifle, as with brokers, meant
 To serve thy ev'ry vile intent,
 In the Day's broad and searching eye
 Making God witness to a lye,
 Blaspheming Heav'n and Earth for pelf,
 And hanging *friends* to save thyself;
Tbou Son of Chance! whose glorious soul
 On the four aces doom'd to roll,
 Was never yet with Honour caught,
 Nor on poor Virtue lost one thought,
 Who dost thy *Wife*, thy *Children* set,
 Thy *All* upon a single bet,
 Risquing, the desp'rate stake to try,
Here and *Hereafter* on a die,
 Who, thy own private fortune lost,
 Dost game on at thy Country's cost,
 And, grown expert in Sharping rules,
 First fool'd thyself, now prey'st on fools;
Thou Noble Gamester! whose high place
 Gives too much credit to disgrace,

Who,

Who, with the motion of a die,
Dost make a mighty Island fly,
The Sums, I mean, of good *French* gold
For which a mighty Island sold ;
Who dost *betray intelligence*,
Abuse the *dearest confidence*,
And, private fortune to create,
Most falsely play the game of State ;
Who dost within the *Alley* sport
Sums, which might beggar a whole Court,
And make us Bankrupts all, if CARE,
With good *Earl TALBOT*, was not there ;
Tbou daring Infidel ! whom pride
And Sin have drawn from Reason's side,
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Dost wish not to believe a God,
Whose Hope is founded on a plan,
Which should distract the soul of man,
And make him curse his abject birth ;
Whose Hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down for worms a feast,
To rot and perish, like a Beast ;
Who dost, of punishment afraid,
And by thy crimes a Coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous soul a Curse,
Than Hell and all her torments worse,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on destruction as a friend,
Chusing to crumble into dust
Rather than rise, tho' rise You must ;
Tbou Hypocrite ! who dost profane,
And take the Patriot's name in vain,

Then

Then most thy Country's foe, when most
 Of Love and Loyalty you boast ;
 Who for the filthy love of Gold,
 Thy Friend, thy King, thy God hast sold,
 And, mocking the just claim of Hell,
 Were bidders found, thyself would'st sell ;
Ye Villains ! of whatever name,
 Whatever rank, to whom the claim
 Of Hell is certain, on whose lids
 That worm, which never dies, forbids
 Sweet Sleep to fall, *Come and Behold,*
 Whilst Envy makes your blood run Cold,
Behold, by pitiless Conscience led,
 So JUSTICE wills, that holy bed,
 Where PEACE her full dominion keeps,
 And INNOCENCE with HOLLAND sleeps.

Bid Terror, posting on the wind,
 Affray the spirits of mankind,
 Bid Earthquakes, heaving for a vent,
 Rive their concealing continent,
 And, forcing an untimely birth
 Thro' the vast bowels of the earth,
 Endeavour, in her monstrous womb,
 At once all Nature to entomb ;
 Bid all that's horrible, and dire,
 All that man hates and fears conspire,
 To make night hideous, as they can ;
 Still is thy sleep, Thou Virtuous Man,
 Pure as the thoughts, which in thy breast
 Inhabit, and ensure thy rest ;

Still

Still shall thy AYLIFF, taught, tho' late,
Thy friendly justice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian Angel, spread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

Dark was the Night, by fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations shake,
Might tear up Freedom by the root,
Destroy a WILKES, and fix a BUTE.

Deep Horror held her wide domain ;
The sky in sullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
Which, op'ning, laid his bosom bare,
Loud Thunders roll'd, and Lightning stream'd ;
The Owl at Freedom's window scream'd,
The Screech-Owl, prophet dire, whose breath
Brings sickness, and whose note is death ;
The Church-Yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All Sad and Silent, thro' the gloom,
The Ghosts of Men in former times
Whose public Virtues were their crimes,
Indignant stalk'd ; Sorrow and Rage
Blank'd their pale cheek ; in his own age
The prop of Freedom, HAMPDEN there
Felt after death the gen'rous care ;
SIDNEY by grief from Heav'n was kept,
And for his brother Patriot wept ;

All

All Friends of LIBERTY, when Fate
 Prepar'd to shorten WILKES's date,
 Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
 And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, LIBERTY! a glorious word,
 In other countries scarcely heard,
 Or heard but as a thing of course,
 Without or Energy or Force;
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, she springs,
 Far, far beyond the reach of Kings,
 Fresh blooming from our Mother Earth;
 With Pride and Joy she owns her birth
 Deriv'd from us, and in return
 Bids in our breasts her Genius burn;
 Bids us with all those blessings live
 Which LIBERTY alone can give,
 Or nobly with that Spirit die,
 Which makes Death more than Victory.

Hail those Old Patriots, on whose tongue
 Persuasion in the Senate hung,
 Whilst They this sacred Cause maintain'd;
 Hail those Old Chiefs, to Honour train'd,
 Who spread, when other methods fail'd,
 War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
 Shall Men like these unmention'd sleep
 Promiscuous with the common heap,
 And (Gratitude forbid the crime)
 Be carried down the stream of time
 In Shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
 On LETHE's stream, like flags, to rot?

No

No—they shall live, and each fair name,
 Recorded in the book of fame,
 Founded on Honour's basis, fast
 As the round Earth, to ages last.
 Some Virtues vanish with our breath,
 Virtue like this lives after death.
 Old Time himself, his scythe thrown by,
 Himself lost in Eternity,
 An everlasting crown shall twine,
 To make a WILKES and SIDNEY join.

But should some slave-got Villain dare
 Chains for his Country to prepare,
 And, by his birth to slav'ry broke,
 Make her too feel the galling yoke,
 May he be evermore accurs'd,
 Amongst bad men be rank'd the worst,
 May he be still Himself, and still
 Go on in Vice, and perfect Ill,
 May his broad crimes each day increase,
 'Till he can't Live, nor Die in Peace,
 May he be plung'd so deep in shame,
 That S—— mayn't endure his name,
 And hear, scarce crawling on the earth,
 His children curse him for their birth,
 May LIBERTY, beyond the grave,
 Ordain him to be still a slave,
 Grant him what here he most requires,
 And damn him with his own desires!

But should some Villain, in support
 And zeal for a despairing Court,

Placing

Placing in Craft his confidence,
 And making Honour a pretence
 To do a deed of deepest shame,
 Whilst filthy lucre is his aim aim;
 Should such a Wretch, with sword or knife,
 Contrive to practice 'gainst the life
 Of One, who, honour'd thro' the land,
 For Freedom made a glorious stand,
 Whose chief, perhaps his only crime,
 Is (if plain Truth at such a time
 May dare her sentiments to tell)
 That He his Country loves too well;
 May He,—but words are all too weak
 The feelings of my heart to speak——
 May He——O for a noble curse
 Which might his very marrow pierce——
 The general contempt engage,
 And be the MARTIN of his age.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

T H E
D U E L L I S T.

B O O K II.

DE E P in the bosom of a wood,
 Out of the road, a Temple stood;
 Antient, and much the worse for wear,
 It call'd aloud for quick repair,
 And, tottering from side to side,
 Menac'd destruction far and wide,
 Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
 To hold out four, or five years longer.
 Four hundred pillars, from the ground
 Rising in order, *most* unsound,
 Some rotten to the heart, aloof
 Seem'd to support the tott'ring roof,
 But, to inspection nearer laid,
 Instead of giving, wanted aid.

The Structure, rare and curious, made,
 By Men most famous in their trade,
 A work of years, Admir'd by all
 Was suffer'd into dust to fall,
 Or, just to make it hang together,
 And keep off the effects of weather,

Was

Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
 By wretches, whom it were a crime,
 A crime, which Art would treason hold,
 To mention with those names of old.

Builders, who had the pile survey'd,
 And those not Flitcrofts in their trade,
 Doubted (the wise hand in a doubt
 Merely sometimes to hand his out)
 Whether (like Churches in a brief,
 Taught wisely to obtain relief
 Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
 To this, and other Charities)
 It must not, in all parts unsound,
 Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground ;
 Whether (tho' after-ages ne'er
 Shall raise a building to compare)
 Art, if they should their Art employ,
 Meant to preserve, might not destroy.
 As human Bodies, worn away,
 Batter'd, and hasting to decay,
 Bidding the pow'r of Art despair,
 Cannot those very medicines bear,
 Which, and which only can restore,
 And make them healthy as before.

TO LIBERTY, whose gracious smile
 Shed peace and plenty o'er the Isle,
 Our grateful Ancestors, her plain
 But faithful Children, rais'd this fane.

Full in the Front, stretch'd out in length,
 Where Nature put forth all her strength
 In Spring Eternal, lay a plain,
 Where our brave Fathers us'd to train
 Their Sons to Arms, to teach the Art
 Of War, and steel the infant heart.
 LABOUR, their hardy Nurse when young,
 Their joints had knit, their nerves had strung;
 ABSTINENCE, foe declar'd to death,
 Had, from the time they first drew breath,
 The best of Doctors, with plain food,
 Kept pure the channel of their blood;
 HEALTH in their cheeks bade colour rise,
 And GLORY sparkled in their eyes.

The instruments of Husbandry,
 As in contempt, were all thrown by,
 And, flattering a manly pride,
 War's keener tools their place supplied.
 Their arrows to the head they drew;
 Swift to the point their javelins flew;
 They grasp'd the sword, They shook the spear;
 Their Fathers felt a pleasing fear,
 And even COURAGE, standing by,
 Scarcely beheld with steady eye.
 Each Stripling, lessen'd by his Sire,
 Knew when to close, when to retire,
 When near at hand, when from afar
 To fight, and was Himself a War.

Their Wives, their Mothers all around,
 Careless of order, on the ground

Breath'd

Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
 And, for a Son's or Husband's brow,
 With eager fingers Laurel wove;
 Laurel, which in the sacred grove
 Planted by Liberty they find,
 The brows of Conquerors to bind,
 To give them Pride and Spirits, fit
 To make a world in arms submit.

What raptures did the bosom fire
 Of the young, rugged, peasant Sire,
 When, from the toil of mimic fight,
 Returning with return of Night,
 He saw his babe resign the breast,
 And, smiling, stroke those arms in jest,
 With which hereafter he shall make
 The proudest heart in GALLIA quake!

Gods! with what joy, what honest pride,
 Did each fond, wishing, rustic Bride,
 Behold her manly swain return!
 How did her love-sick bosom burn,
 Tho' on Parades he was not bred,
 Nor wore the livery of red;
 When, Pleasure height'ning all her charms,
 She strain'd her Warrior in her arms,
 And begg'd, whilst Love and Glory fire,
 A Son, a Son just like his Sire!

Such were the Men, in former times,
 Ere Luxury had made our crimes

Our bitter Punishment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign shore ;
Such were the men, who, free from dread,
By EDWARDS, and by HENRIES led,
Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains ;
Such were the Men, when lust of Pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the Tyrant from those ways
On which a King should sound his praise,
When stern OPPRESSION, hand in hand
With PRIDE, stalk'd proudly thro' the land ;
When weeping JUSTICE was miss'd
From her fair course, and MERCY dead ;
Such were the Men, in Virtue strong,
Who dar'd not see their Country's wrong,
Who left the mattock, and the spade,
And, in the robes of War array'd,
In their rough arms, departing took
Their helpless babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, swore to see
Those babes no more, or see them free ;
Such were the Men, whom Tyrant Pride
Could never fasten to his side
By threats or bribes, who, Freeman born,
Chains tho' of gold, beheld with scorn,
Who, free from ev'ry servile awe ;
Could never be divorc'd from Law,
From that broad general Law, which Sense
Made for the general defence ;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependant stations rise ;

Could

Could never be to Slav'ry led,
 For *Property* was at their head.
 Such were the Men, in days of yore,
 Who, call'd by Liberty, before
 Her Temple, on the sacred green
 In Martial pastimes oft were seen—
 Now seen no longer—in their stead,
 To laziness and vermin bred,
 A Race, who strangers to the cause
 Of Freedom, live by other laws,
 In other motives fight, a prey
 To interest, and slaves for pay.

VALOUR, how glorious on a plan
 Of Honour founded, leads their Van;
 DISCRETION, free from taint of fear,
 Cool, but resolv'd, brings up their rear,
 DISCRETION, VALOUR's better half;
 DEPENDANCE holds the Gen'ral's Staff.

In plain and home-spun garb array'd,
 Not for vain shew, but service made,
 In a green flourishing old age,
 Not damn'd yet with an Equipage,
 In rules of *Porterage* untaught,
 SIMPLICITY, not worth a groat,
 For years had kept the Temple door;
 Full on his breast a glass he wore,
 Thro' which his bosom open lay
 To ev'ry one who pass'd that way.
 Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face
 But prouder heart, his vacant place

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CORRUPTION fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.

With belly round, and full, fat face,
Which on the house reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honest glee,
The Steward HOSPITALITY,
Old WELCOME, smiling by his side,
A good, old Servant, often tried
And faithful found, who kept in view
His Lady's fame and int'rest too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her State aground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern use) *resign'd*.

Half-starv'd, half-starving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Detested, and detesting all,
Made up of Avarice, and Gall,
Boasting great thrift, yet wasting more
Than ever Steward did before,
Succeeding One, who to engage
The praise of an exhausted age,
Assum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himself OECONOMY.

Within the Temple, full in sight,
Where, without ceasing, day and night,
The Workmen toil'd, where LABOUR bar'd
Her brawny arm, where ART prepar'd,

In

In regular and even rows,
 Her types, a *Printing Press* arose,
 Each Workman knew his task, and each
 Was honest, and expert as LEACH.

Hence LEARNING struck a deeper root,
 And SCIENCE brought forth riper fruit;
 Hence LOYALTY receiv'd support,
 Even when banish'd from the Court;
 Hence GOVERNMENT was strength; and hence
 RELIGION fought, and found defence;
 Hence ENGLAND's fairest fame arose,
 And LIBERTY subdued her foes.

On a low, simple, turf-made throne,
 Rais'd by *Allegiance*, scarcely known
 From her Attendants, glad to be
 Pattern of that Equality
 She wish'd to all, so far as cou'd
 Safely consist with social good,
 The GODDESS sat; around her head
 A chearful radiance GLORY spread;
 COURAGE, a Youth of royal race,
 Lovelily stern, possess'd a place
 On her left-hand, and on her right,
 Sat HONOUR, cloath'd with robes of Light;
 Before Her MAGNA CHARTA lay,
 Which some great Lawyer, of his day
 The PRATT, was offic'd to explain,
 And make the basis of her reign;
 PEACE, crown'd with Olive, to her breast
 Two smiling, twin-born infants prest;

At her feet Couching, War was laid,
 And with a brindled Lion play'd;
 JUSTICE and MERCY, hand in hand,
 Joint Guardians of the happy land,
 Together held their mighty charge,
 And TRUTH walk'd all about at large;
 HEALTH, for the royal troop the feast,
 Prepar'd, and VIRTUE was High Priest.

Such was the fame our *Goddeſs* bore;
 Her Temple ſuch in days of yore.
 What changes ruthleſs Time preſents!
 Behold her ruin'd battlements,
 Her walls decay'd, her nodding ſpires,
 Her altars broke, her dying fires,
 Her name deſpis'd, her Priests deſtroy'd,
 Her friends diſgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herſelf (by *Minifterial* arts
 Depriv'd e'en of the people's hearts,
 Whiſt They, to work her ſurer woe,
 Feign her to Monarchy a foe)
 Exil'd by grief, ſelf-doom'd to dwell
 With ſome poor Hermit in a cell,
 Or, that retirement tedious grown,
 If She walks forth, She walks *unknown*,
 Hooted, and pointed at with ſcorn,
 As one in ſome ſtrange Country born.

Behold a rude and ruſſian race,
 A band of ſpoilers, ſeize her place;
 With looks which might the heart diſ-ſeat,
 And make like ſound a quick retreat,

To rapine from the cradle bred,
 A *Staunch, Old Bloodbound* at their head,
 Who, free from Virtue and from Awe,
 Knew none but the bad part of Law,
 'They rov'd at large; each, on his breast
 Mark'd with a *Grey-bound*, stood confest.
 CONTROULMENT waited on their nod
 High wielding Persecution's rod,
 CONFUSION follow'd at their heels,
 And a *cast Statesman* held the Seals,
 Those Seals, for which he dear shall pay,
 When awful JUSTICE takes her day.

The Printers saw — they saw and fled —
 SCIENCE, declining, hung her head,
 PROPERTY in despair appear'd,
 And for herself destruction fear'd;
 Whilst, under-foot, the rude slaves trod
 The works of Men, and word of God,
 Whilst, close behind, on many a book,
 In which he never deigns to look,
 Which he did not, nay — could not read,
 A *bold, bad* man (by pow'r decreed
 For that bad end, who in the dark
 Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark.
 In the full day, the mark of Hell,
 And on the Gospel stamp'd an L.

LIBERTY fled, her Friends withdrew,
 Her Friends, a faithful, chosen few;
 HONOUR in grief threw up, and SHAME,
 Cloathing herself with HONOUR's name,
 Usurp'd

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Usurp'd his station ; on the throne,
Which LIBERTY once call'd her own,
(Gods, that such mighty ills should spring,
Under so great, so good a King,
So Lov'd, so Loving, thro' the arts
Of Statesmen, curs'd with wicked hearts !)
For every darker purpose fit,
Behold in triumph STATE-CRAFT sit.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK III.

AH Me ! what mighty perils wait
The Man who meddles with a State,
Whether to strengthen, or oppose !
False are his friends, and firm his foes.
How must his Soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin !
What toils he suffers, what disgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place !
How often, whether wrong or right,
Must he in jest, or earnest fight,
Risquing for those Both life and limb,
Who would not risque one groat for him !

Under the Temple lay a Cave,
Made by some guilty, coward slave,
Whose actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways
Not to be found without a clue ;
One Passage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a Cell,
Where FRAUD in secret lov'd to dwell,
With

With all her tools and slaves about her,
Nor fear'd lest Honesty should rout her.

In a dark corner, shunning sight
Of Man, and shrinking from the light,
One dull, dim taper thro' the Cell
Glimm'ring to make more horrible
The face of darkness, She prepares,
Working unseen, all kinds of snares,
With curious, but destructive art ;
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,
Gay stars their tinsel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a Lord ;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Weave plumes of feathers for the head ;
Garters the Hag contrives to make,
Which, as it seems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious Madmen feel
More firm and sure than chains of steel,
Which, slipp'd just underneath the knee,
Forbid a Freeman to be free ;
Purses She knew (did ever curse
Travel more sure than in a purse ?)
Which, by some strange and magic bands,
Enslave the soul, and tie the hands.

Here FLATT'RY, eldest born of guile,
Weaves with rare skill the silken smile,
The courtly cringe, the supple bow,
The private squeeze, the Levee vow,
With which, no strange or recent case,
Fools in deceive Fools out of place,

COR-

CORRUPTION (who, in former times,
Thro' fear or shame conceal'd her crimes,
And what She did, contriv'd to do it
So that the Public^m might not view it)
Presumptuous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her business might
Be done as safe as in the night.

Her eye down-bending to the ground,
Planning some dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which stood,
All fresh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By TREASON borrow'd, GUY FAWKES bore,
By, which, since they improv'd in trade,
Excisemen have their lanthorns made,
ASSASSINATION, her whole mind
Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclin'd.
Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,
And held forth instruments of blood,
Vile instruments, which cowards chuse,
But Men of Honour dare not use;
Around, his Lordship and his Grace,
Both qualified for such a place,
With many a FORBES, and many a DUN,
Each a resolv'd, and pious Son,
Wait her high bidding; Each prepar'd,
As She around her orders shar'd,
Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly,
And bid the destin'd victim die,

Post.

Posting on Villainy's black wing,
Whether he Patriot is, or King.

OPPRESSION, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or at the most a rev'rend awe
To breed, usurp'd the garb of LAW.
A Book she held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, when seem'd to rise
Joy in her breast ; a Book, of might
Most wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and without help of laws,
Could make the worse the better cause.
She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
She wish'd, and what She wish'd, believ'd,
To make that Book for ever stand
The rule of wrong through all the land ;
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was MAGNA CHARTA wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter lesson, N—'s CREED.
Ready, e'en with a look, to run,
Fast as the coursers of the Sun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-starv'd Greyhounds took their stand ;
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a most antient Castle stood
Full in her View ; the gates were barr'd,
And Soldiers on the watch kept guard ;
In the Front, openly, in Black
Was wrote The Tow'r, but on the back,
Mark

Mark'd with a Secretary's seal,
In bloody Letters, The BASTILE.

Around a Table, fully bent
On mischief of most black intent
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer last, to work the bane
Of one firm Patriot, whose heart, tied
To Honour, all their pow'r defied,
And brought those actions into light
They wish'd to have conceal'd in Night.
Begot, Born, Bred to infamy,
A Privy-Council sat of THREE,
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour'd thro' the land of BUTE.

The FIRST (entitled to the place
Of Honour both by Gown and Grace,
Who never let occasion slip
'To take right-hand of fellowship,
And was so proud, that should he meet
The twelve Apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall ;
Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
Still go together side by side)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a stirrup for the Devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and ride behind ;
Who basely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For *Patrons* first, then for a *Wife*,

Wrote

Wrote *Dedications* which must make
The heart of ev'ry Christian quake,
Made one Man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him as before
His God he left, and drawn by Pride,
(Shifted about to t'other side)
Was by his fire a Parson made,
Merely to give the Boy a trade,
But he himself was thereto drawn
By some faint omens of the Lawn,
And on the truly Christian plan,
To make himself a Gentleman,
A title, in which form array'd him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when She made him.

The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wise men do,
With an intent, if things should turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn.
Gospel and Loyalty were made
To serve the purposes of trade,
Religion's are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wise,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, just like a glove ;
All Gods, all Kings (let his great aim
Be answer'd) were to him the same.

A Curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, whilst he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock,

That:

That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
 With more than She could well contain,
 More than She was with Spirits fraught
 To turn, and methodize to thought,
 And which, like ill-digested food,
 To humours turn'd, and not to blood
 Brought up to London, from the plow
 And Pulpit, how to make a bow
 He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
 And was the Poet's Parasite.
 With Wits conversing (and Wits then
 Were to be found 'mongst Noblemen)
 He caught, or would have caught the flame,
 And would be nothing, or the same;
 He drank with drunkards, liv'd with Sinners,
 Herded with Infidels for dinners,
 With such an Emphasis and Grace
 Blasphem'd, that POTTER kept not pace;
 He, in the highest reign of noon,
 Bawl'd bawdry songs to a Psalm Tune,
 Liv'd with Men infamous and vile,
 Truck'd his salvation for a smile,
 To catch their humour caught their plan,
 And laugh'd at God to laugh with Man,
 Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
 And damn'd their mem'ries after death.

To prove his Faith, which all admit
 Is at least equal to his Wit,
 And make himself a Man of note,
 He in defence of Scripture wrote;

So

So long he wrote, and long about it,
 That e'en Believers 'gan to doubt it;
 He wrote too of the inward light,
 Tho' no one knew how he came by't,
 And of that influencing grace,
 Which in his life ne'er found a place;
 He wrote too of the Holy Ghost,
 Of whom, no more than of a Post
 He knew, nor, should an Angel shew him,
 Would He or know, or chuse to know him.

Next (for he knew 'twixt every Science
 There was a natural alliance)
 He wrote, t'advance his Maker's praise,
 Comments on rhimes, and notes on plays,
 And with an all-sufficient air
 Plac'd himself in the Critic's chair,
 Usurp'd o'er Reason full dominion,
 And govern'd merely by opinion.
 At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
 By one plain simple Man of Law,
 He arm'd dead Friends, to Vengeance true,
 T'abuse the Man they never knew.

Examine strictly all mankind,
 Most Characters are mix'd we find,
 And Vice and Virtue take their turn
 In the same breast to beat and burn.
 Our Priest was an exception here,
 Nor did one spark of grace appear,
 Not one dull, dim spark in his soul;
 Vice, glorious Vice possess'd the whole,

And

And, in her service truly warm,
He was in sin most uniform.

Injurious *Satire*, own at least
One sniveling Virtue in the Priest,
One sniveling Virtue which is plac'd,
They say, in or about the waist,
Call'd CHASTITY; the Prudish Dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his Wife (and in these days
Wives seldom without reason praise)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And swears that TOM was vastly wild.

Ripen'd by a long course of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In shape scarce of the human kind;
A Man, without a manly mind;
No Husband, tho' he's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
No Father; injur'd, without end
A Foe; and, tho' oblig'd, no Friend;
A Heart, which Virtue ne'er disgrac'd;
A Head, where Learning runs to waste;
A Gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Rests in the article of reading;
A Man of this World, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A Judge of Genius, tho' confess
With not one spark of Genius blest;
Amongst the first of Critics plac'd,
Tho' free from ev'ry taint of Taste;

A Chri-

A Christian without faith or works,
 As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;
 A great Divine, as Lords agree,
 Without the least Divinity;
 To crown all, in declining age,
 Enflam'd with Church and Party-rage,
 Behold him, full and perfect quite,
 A false Saint, and true Hypocrite.

Next sat a *Lawyer*, often tried
 In perilous extremes; when pride
 And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, stood,
 Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;
 This bold, bad Man arose to view,
 And gave his hand to help them through,
 Steel'd 'gainst Compassion, as they pass,
 He saw poor Freedom breathe her last,
 He saw her struggle, heard her groan,
 He saw her, helpless and alone,
 Whelm'd in that storm, which, fear'd and prais'd
 By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd.

Bred to the Law, he from the first
 Of all bad Lawyers was the worst.
 Perfection (for bad men maintain
 In ill we may perfection gain)
 In others is a work of time,
 And they creep on from crime to crime,
 He, for a Prodigy design'd
 To spread amazement o'er mankind,
 Started, full-ripen'd, all at once
 A Perfect Knave, and Perfect Dunce.

Who

Who will for him may boast of Sense,
 His better guard is Impudence.
 His front, with ten-fold plates of brass
 Secur'd, SHAME never yet could pass,
 Nor on the surface of his skin,
 Blush for that guilt which dwelt within.
 How often, in contempt of Laws,
 To found the bottom of a cause,
 To search out ev'ry rotten part,
 And worm into its very heart,
 Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,
 And undertaken the defence
 Of trusting Fools, whom in the end
 He meant to ruin, not defend?
 How often, e'en in open Court,
 Hath the wretch made his shame his sport.
 And laugh'd off, with a Villain's ease,
 Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees,
 Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
 Had struck a little Villain dead?

Causes, whatever their import,
 He undertakes to serve a Court;
 For he by heart this rule had got,
 Pow'r can effect, what Law cannot.

Fools He forgives, but rogues he fears;
 If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,
 His weak soul sickens at the sight,
 And strives to plunge them down in night.

So

So loud he talks, so very loud,
 He is an Angel with the crowd,
 Whilst he makes Justice hang her head,
 And Judges turn from pale to red.

Bid all that Nature, on a plan
 Most intimate, makes near to Man,
 All that with grand and gen'ral ties
 Binds good and bad, the Fool and Wife,
 Knock at his heart; They knock in vain,
 No entrance there such Suitors gain.
 Bid kneeling Kings forsake the throne;
 Bid at his feet his Country groan;
 Bid Liberty stretch out her hands:
 Religion plead her stronger bands:
 Bid Parents, Children, Wife, and Friends;
 If they come thwart his private ends,
 Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
 And bravely tramples on them all.

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
 And let weak Conscience with her line
 Chalk out their ways; such starving rules
 Are only fit for coward fools,
 Fellows who credit what Priests tell,
 And tremble at the thoughts of Hell;
 His Spirit dares contend with Grace,
 And meets Damnation face to face.

Such was our Lawyer; by his side
 In all bad qualities allied,

In all bad Counsels, sat a *Third*,
 By birth a Lord ; O sacred word !
 O word most sacred, whence Men get
 A Privilege to run in debt,
 Whence They at large exemption claim
 From Satire, and her servant Shame ;
 Whence They, depriv'd of all her force,
 Forbid bold Truth to hold her course.

Consult his person, dress, and air,
 He seems, which strangers well might swear,
 The Master, or by *Courtesy*,
 The Captain of a Colliery.
 Look at his visage, and agree
 Half hang'd he seems, just from the Tree
 Escap'd ; a Rope may sometimes break,
 Or Men be cut down by mistake.

He hath not Virtue (in the school
 Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
 Nor hath he Sense (which none can doubt
 Who know the Man), to live without.
 His life is a continued scene
 Of all that's infamous and mean ;
 He knows not change, unless, grown nice
 And delicate, from vice to vice ;
 Nature design'd him, in a rage,
 To be the WHARTON of his age,
 But, having given all the Sin,
 Forgot to put the Virtues in.
 To run a horse, to make a match,
 To revel deep, to roar a catch,

To

To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
 To sweat a woman of the Town,
 By fits to keep the Peace, or break it,
 In turn to give a Pox, or take it,
 He is, in faith, most excellent,
 And, in the World's most full intent,
 A true Choice Spirit we admit;
 With Wits a Fool, with Fools a Wit;
 Hear him but talk, and You would swear
 OBSCENITY herself was there;
 And that PROFANENESS had made choice,
 By way of Trump, to use his Voice;
 That, in all mean and low things great,
 He had been bred at *Billingsgate*,
 And that, ascending to the earth
 Before the Season of his birth,
 BLASPHEMY, making way and room,
 Had mark'd him in his Mother's womb;
 Too honest (for the worst of men
 In forms are honest now and then)
 Not to have, in the usual way,
 His Bills sent in; Too great, to pay;
 Too proud, to speak to, if he meets
 The honest Tradesman whom he cheats;
 Too infamous to have a friend,
 Too bad for bad men to commend,
 Or Good to name; beneath whose weight
 Earth groans, who hath been spar'd by Fate
 Only to shew, on Mercy's plan,
 How far and long God bears with Man.

Such

Such were the THREE, who, mocking sleep,
 At Midnight sat, in Counsel deep,
 Plotting destruction 'gainst a head,
 Whose Wisdom could not be misled;
 Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart,
 Which ne'er from Honour would depart.

“ Is He not rank'd amongst our foes?
 “ Hath not his Spirit dar'd oppose
 “ Our dearest measures, made our name
 “ Stand forward on the roll of shame?
 “ Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
 “ By scorning menaces and bribes,
 “ And proving, that his darling cause
 “ Is of their Liberties and Laws
 “ To stand the Champion? in a word,
 “ Nor need one argument be heard
 “ Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
 “ To quicken our resolves, and steel
 “ Our steady souls to bloody bent,
 “ (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
 “ Each flatt'ring hope) He, without fear,
 “ Hath dar'd to make the *Truth* appear.

They said, and, by resentment taught,
 Each on revenge employ'd his thought,
 Each, bent on mischief, rack'd his brain
 To her full stretch, but rack'd in vain;
 Scheme after Scheme they brought to view;
 All were examin'd, none would do.
 When FRAUD, with pleasure in her face,
 Forth issued from her hiding place,

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And at the table where they meet,
 First having blest them, took her seat.
 " No trifling cause, my darling Boys,
 " Your present thoughts and cares employs;
 " No common snare, no random blow
 " Can work the bane of such a Foe,
 " By Nature Cautious as he's Brave,
 " To *Honour* only he's a slave;
 " In that weak part without defence,
 " We must to *Honour* make pretence;
 " That Lure shall to his ruin draw
 " The Wretch, who stands secure in Law.
 " Nor think that I have idly plann'd
 " This full-ripe scheme; behold at hand,
 " With three months training on his head,
 " An Instrument, whom I have bred,
 " Born of these bowels, far from sight
 " Of Virtue's false, but glaring Light,
 " My Youngest Born, my dearest Joy,
 " Most like myself, my darling Boy.
 " He, never touch'd with vile remorse,
 " Resolv'd and crafty in his course,
 " Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,
 " Most *Mine*, when most He *Honour's* seems;
 " Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
 " So firm and full a slave of FRAUD."

She said, and from each envious Son
 A discontented Murmur ran
 Around the Table: All in place
 Thought his full praise their own disgrace,
 Wond'ring

Wond'ring what Stranger She had got,
Who had one vice that they had not.
When straight the portals open flew,
And, clad in armour, to their view
M——, the *Duellist*, came forth ;
All knew, and all confest his worth,
All justified, with smiles array'd,
The happy choice their Dam had made.

T H E E N D.